

# The Meteor.




Birthday present to

Aunt Flora Fuller.

Presented September the first  
1898

By her nephew

(A. W. V. Luce)



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# The Meteor,

Published by

Senior and Junior Classes of Bethany College,

Bethany, West Virginia,

May, 1898.







BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF BETHANY.



**To W. K. Pendleton, President,**

**Emeritus of our Beloved College,**

**Respectfully we dedicate this Annual.**

# '98-9 METEOR STAFF.



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F.M.Biddle, '98	Asst Editor in Chief.
J.T.Barclay, '98	Associate Editors.
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A.W.Place, '98	Business Manager.
T.J.White, '99	Asst Business Mgr.
O.G.White, '98	Poet.
F.E.Bosworth, '99	Artist.

COME WEEPING,

GO WEEPING.



T. J. WHITE. F. M. BIDDLE. A. W. PLACE. O. G. WHITE.  
W. L. FISHER. LILLIAN A. ROBERTS. J. T. BARCLAY.



## Bethany College Yells.

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Hi !-yi !-yi ! Rah ! rah ! rah !

Yah !-Hoo! Beth-a-nee !

Chee-he ! Chee-hah ! Chee-hah ! Hah !-hah !

Betha-ny ! Betha-ny ! Rah ! rah ! rah !

## Editorial.

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WHEN THE FIRST edition of the Meteor of '96 was issued, it was in the confidence that it would meet a want long felt by the friends of dear old Bethany for just such a publication, but up to that time unsupplied. This hope and expectation was not disappointed and now we feel that an increasing interest and concern is being felt and manifested in all that concerns her present and future welfare. This issue is prepared by the Seniors and Juniors of the classes of '98-'99, enlarged and embellished in its artistic make up, replete with stirring personal items and historic sketches of local and general interest from the pens of living actors on the scene of our college and her honored life which speak for themselves. The best reward by far that can be offered the editors, they feel to be, that of sympathizing minds, of cordial hearts and hands, and should the perusal of the Meteor lead to a quickening in more advanced and thoughtful minds to a just appreciation of the "treasures new and old" to be found in the unique history and surroundings past and present of this consecrated spot, their heart's desire and cherished hope will be realized. What nobler model could be selected, what life more replete with stirring interest and noble spiritual lessons and intellectual attainments than that of the Founder of Bethany College?

Yours ad urnam

THE EDITORS.





BETHANY COLLEGE.



## History of Bethany College.

THE RELIGIOUS MOVEMENT that has for its object the restoration, in their pristine purity, of the simple faith and practices of the early followers of Christ, has been the most important of this century, and one of the grandest of all time. Those who accept as their only creed the Bible and its teachings and acknowledge as their only name the one first given at Antioch, now number more than a million souls, scattered over the civilized world. The head and front of this movement was Alexander Campbell, and the most potent factor in it has been Bethany College, a creation of his imperial intellect. A detailed history of Bethany would be, in a large measure, a history of the men who have contributed most to the success of this epoch-making reformation. But our space permits only a meagre outline.

Alexander Campbell considered an immoral person uneducated, and, in the College that he proposed to establish, especial attention was to be given to the Bible and the moral and religious culture to be derived therefrom, as the essential element in a liberal education. A generous provision was also to be made for other studies, and more than usual prominence was to be given to the physical sciences.

With these ideas of its founder in view, the charter of the institution was obtained from the Legislature of Virginia in 1840, by John C. Campbell, of Wheeling. Phillip B. Pendleton, of Virginia, gave a donation of \$1,000, the first money received for the College. The first meeting of the Board of Trustees took place May 11th, 1840. On September 18th of that year, Mr. Campbell was elected President of the College and was requested to prepare a course of studies. He presented to the board a tract of land and immediately proceeded to erect thereon a large brick structure for the accommodation of students. The first Professors were elected by the Board on May 10th, 1841, and the first session opened on November 1st of the same year, closing on the 4th of the following July. Each of the six members of the first Faculty, except the President, was under thirty years of age. Only one-third of the 102 students were members of the Church.

As the College building was not yet completed, the recitations were conducted in the Steward's Inn, located on the present site of Phillip's Hall. At this inn both the professors and students boarded. It is no wonder that the argus-eyed members of the Faculty soon discovered irregularities in the conduct of some of the students, and that cases of discipline occurred at the outset. The chapel exercises and the President's daily lecture on the Bible, at which all the students were required to be present, took place at half-past six o'clock in the morning. To have to rise before this early hour would be thought a great hardship now-a-days, but it was esteemed a wholesome discipline by our sterner ancestors. Each student stood his term examination in the presence of the entire Faculty. The first class graduated in 1844, and since that time Bethany has not failed to furnish her annual quota of graduates.

The character and attainments of these graduates were soon discovered, and the College had been established on a

secure basis by the liberality of its founder and friends, when on December 10th, 1857, the Faculty, students and villagers had to look on with vain regret while the entire College building, with its precious contents, was being consumed by the flames. President Campbell and Professor Pendleton immediately began to solicit funds with which to rebuild, and their labors were approaching a happy consummation, when they were suddenly interrupted by the rude shock of Civil War.

In 1866 the College lost its great founder and President, Alexander Campbell, and Professor W. K. Pendleton, an accomplished scholar and polished gentleman of the old school, who had been a Professor in the College from its foundation, was chosen President. In 1871, the present spacious and imposing building was completed, but, in 1879, that portion of it containing the chapel and society halls was burned to the ground.

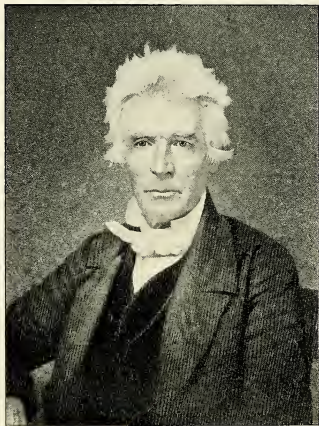
In 1887, after nearly a half a century of faithful and efficient service, Dr. Pendleton retired from the active duties of the Presidency, and W. H. Woolery, a man of marked ability, was elected to succeed him. On July 30th, 1889, President Woolery met an untimely death from typhoid fever. A. McLean was the next President. During his term, by the generosity of Hon. Thomas W. Phillips, Phillips' Hall, an admirable structure for its purpose, was erected as a dormitory for the students. President McLean resigned in 1892 and President McDiarmid served the College until 1896, when he also resigned. B. C. Hagerman was elected President in June, 1897.

Bethany has furnished at least one President for each of the following institutions, Hiram, Butler, Drake, Adrian, Kentucky University and the University of Texas. Her graduates now fill with eminent ability the Bible Chairs of Hiram, Butler, Kentucky University, the University of Chicago and the University of Missouri. Her ministerial students, by their eloquence and piety, have carried her fame to all parts of the civilized world. Others of her alumni have sat in the halls of Congress and represented their country in European capitals. Like the Roman matron, when called upon to display her jewels, she proudly points to her sons.

Hundreds of these sons, in business, at the bar, in the forum, on the field of battle, have exemplified the value of her training and lent enduring lustre to her name. She challenges the sympathy, the prayers and the pecuniary assistance of a grateful people. In view of what the Disciples of Christ owe to old Bethany, and to her illustrious founder, and in view of the apparent indifference of some of us to her needs, we may be reminded of Kipling's prayer:

"Lord God of Hosts! be with us yet,  
Lest we forget—lest we forget!"





ALEXANDER CAMPBELL.

## Alexander Campbell.

ALEXANDER CAMPBELL, founder and first President of Bethany College, was born in county Antrim, Ireland, September 12th, 1788, and died at Bethany, West Virginia, March 4th, 1866. In coming to America with his mother and family in 1808, they were shipwrecked off the coast of Scotland, and being mercifully preserved from a watery grave, made their way to Glasgow, where Mr. Campbell entered the University and pursued his studies until August, 1809, when they again embarked for New York, reaching that port in October, from whence they proceeded to Philadelphia, and on over the mountains to Washington, Pa., where the father, Thomas Campbell, had located in 1807, and made for them a home.

Here Mr. Campbell read and studied the Bible, and dedicated his life to the ministry and service of Christ, preaching his first sermon in July, 1810, in a grove near Washington, from Matthew vii:24: "Whosoever heareth these sayings of mine and doeth them, I will liken him unto a wise man, which built his house upon a rock;" and surely he did build upon a rock, and that rock was Christ. Dr. Richardson beautifully says in his "Memoirs," it was most appropriate "that he who was destined to call men away from human plans and systems should deliver his first discourse, not in any sectarian temple or place of worship built by human hands, but in the open air of free America and beneath the overarching trees which God had planted." The first year of his ministerial labors (which began before he was twenty-two years old), he preached 106 sermons, and later on, when land was purchased at Brush Run on which to build the first church of the Disciples, beneath a wide-spreading oak, he preached the first discourse ever delivered at Brush Run, from Job vii:7: "Though thy beginning was small, yet thy latter end should greatly increase," which was a "singularly appropriate and prophetic text," since from that little band of Disciples, numbering only a few souls, there are to-day more than a million communicants, "strong in the faith once delivered to the Saints!"

In 1811 he was married to Miss Margaret Brown, of Brooke County, Virginia, and from that date became a citizen of this State. He continued to preach at home and abroad, always presenting the plea for "Primitive Christianity," upon the claims of the Bible, and the Bible alone. In 1818 he founded "Buffalo Seminary," for the education of the youth of the country. In 1823 he began the publication of the "Christian Baptist," which increased in circulation until in 1830 it was merged into the "Millennial Harbinger," of which he was editor-in-chief for 34 years. By his first marriage he had eight children, and after the death of his beloved wife in 1827, he married, in 1828, Miss Selina Huntingdon Bakewell, of Wellsburg, who survived him thirty-one years. By this marriage he had six children, four of whom are yet living. In 1840 he founded Bethany College, and was its President for twenty-five years. Up to the close of his life it was as dear to him as an own child, and its prosperity, and opportunity for educating young preachers, to convert sinners, were ever uppermost and supreme in his good, great, grand and noble heart.

## William K. Pendleton.

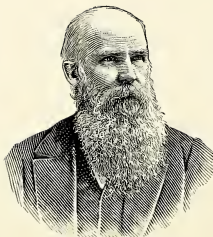
WILLIAM KIMBROUGH PENDLETON was born in Louisa county, Virginia, September 8th, 1817. He was educated at the University of Virginia, where he completed an elective course in classical, scientific and philosophical studies and was also graduated from the law school. In 1840 he was admitted to the bar, but soon after, in 1841, having married a daughter of Alexander Campbell, he removed to Bethany to take part in the founding of Bethany College. He was Professor of Natural Science and Astronomy, and later divided with Professor Loos the classes of the ministerial course.

After the burning of the first College building in 1857, he accompanied Alexander Campbell through the west and south, soliciting funds for the erection of the present building. He had been for some years Vice President of the College. On the death of Alexander Campbell, in 1866, he became President, and during the many years of financial distress, dating from the civil war, which crippled the work to which he was devoted, he also filled the difficult and laborious office of Treasurer. He was associate editor of the "Millennial Harbinger" from its beginning, and was for some years associated in the editorship of the "Christian Standard." Amid these labors he found time for much preaching, for much traveling and a large correspondence in the interests both of the College and the Church; and to prepare and deliver addresses in behalf of almost every public interest.

In 1876, as a result of a movement begun by the teachers of the state, he was elected Superintendent for a term of four years. During this period he gave to the labor of reducing to method the practical workings of a school system that he found in imperfect order, every moment that could be taken from the occupations of an already busy life.

Dr. Pendleton has been thrice married; in 1840 to Malvin M., and in 1847 to Clarinda, both daughters of Alexander Campbell, and in 1855 to Catherine H., daughter of Judge L. King, of Warren, Ohio. In 1887, retiring from active service in Bethany College, he removed with his wife and younger children to Eustis, Florida, where he now resides.





W. K. PENDLETON.







W. H. WOOLERY.

## W. H. Woolery.

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**W**H. WOOLERY was born in the hill country of northern Kentucky, on October 26th, 1850. His father taught him the alphabet from the capital letters at the heads of chapters of the New Testament. At the age of five • he was put in the public school under a most competent teacher, Gideon Calvin. The structure of his future education was substantial, because it was founded on the bedrock—a thorough training in the common branches.

Although reared on a farm, yet his work was not congenial to his nature, for often when sent to the field to plow he would open his concealed books and become so absorbed in them that he usually forgot to plow. For two years he attended a select school in an adjoining district, where he made considerable progress in rhetoric, algebra, latin and public speaking in the weekly polemic.

He entered Kentucky University at the age of 22, attended two years, then entered Bethany College, attended three years and was graduated in the Ministerial Course in 1876. Immediately upon graduation he accepted a call to the church at Pompey, New York, the home of some of New York's illustrious statesmen. He removed in 1878 to Hope-dale, Ohio, a college town, where he preached with great satisfaction to intelligent audiences. In 1879 he was called to the Church at Somerset, Pennsylvania, the home of Jeremiah Black and other distinguished men. His studies were pursued with more ardor after graduation than before. And now, on account of his growing popularity, both as a speaker and scholar, the Chair of Latin was tendered him by his Alma Mater in 1882. Two years later, in the absence of President Pendleton, he was elected Chairman of the Faculty; and in 1887, after five years' successful teaching, he was chosen President of Bethany College, to succeed Dr. Pendleton.

He filled all these positions of honor with becoming dignity and distinction. During the two years of his Presidency the number of students was greatly increased. He died of typhoid fever, in July, 1889, before the sun of his life had risen to its meridian splendor.

## Archibald McLean.

**A**RCHIBALD McLEAN was born of Malcolm and Alexandra McLean, on beautiful Prince Edward Island, Canada. He united with the Christian Church in Summerside. After working for awhile at carriage making, he entered Bethany College in September, 1869. He graduated in June, 1874, and began work immediately for the congregation at Mt. Healthy, Ohio.

In March, 1882, he was elected Corresponding Secretary of the Foreign Christian Missionary Society, which office he has held ever since. In 1885 he resigned the work at Mt. Healthy in order to give his entire time to the Society.

On the death of W. H. Woolery, he was elected President of "Old Bethany," which position he held for two years. This double work, with the headquarters of each so widely apart as Cincinnati and Bethany, was more than he could handle, and June 17, 1891, he resigned the Presidency and returned with undivided energy to the office of the F. C. M. S.

Mr. McLean is a preacher and writer of great force and ability. As President of Bethany he labored hard and successfully in the interests of the college, and won an enduring place in the hearts of both students and teachers. As Corresponding Secretary he has labored in season and out of season. He is wedded to his work. In its interests he recently completed a circuit of the globe. He is a man of strong individuality. He is aggressive, sympathetic and kind. None know him but to love, none name him but to praise.



A. McLEAN.



## John M. Tribble.

**J**OHAN M. TRIBBLE was born near Dunnsville, Virginia, August 18th, 1851. He was educated mainly in Dunnsville Academy and Bethany College. He entered Bethany College in 1873, and graduated in June, 1875. In November of the same year he took charge of the Church at Norfolk, Virginia. He remained there until September, 1877, when he moved to Franklin, Tennessee. From Franklin he went to Memphis, Tennessee, in January, 1879. In August, 1882, he accepted the pastorate of the Church in Buffalo, New York, succeeding G. L. Wharton, who went as a missionary to India.

He remained there until January, 1887, when he went to St. Louis to take the position of office editor of the "Christian Evangelist." While there he also occupied the pulpit of the Central Church. In February, 1888, he was called back to the pastorate of the Buffalo Church, and remained there until he accepted the Professorship of New Testament Theology in Bethany College in September, 1889, and was also made Vice President of the institution. On the resignation of President McLean, he was chosen to act as Chairman of the Faculty and President, pro tempore.

He was married June 24th, 1879, to Miss Susie Campbell, daughter of William P. and Susan Campbell, of Franklin, Tennessee. Four children—two boys and two girls—have blessed this union. He attributed chief credit for whatever he was able to accomplish, to his estimable wife. While still a young man, Professor Tribble died at Bethany, September 25th, 1889. His death awakened profound sorrow throughout the brotherhood.

Every person who knew him had come to love him for his beautiful character, and to trust him because of his wisdom. His sun has gone down ere it is yet noon. His life had great promises of usefulness. But God knows, and let us not doubt He has use for such spirits in the higher activities of the spiritual realm. His wish that he might "go to heaven from old Bethany" was fulfilled, but, alas! how much sooner than he or we anticipated.

## Hugh McDiarmid.

**H**UGH McDIARMID was born in Ontario, Canada, July 10th, 1837. His parents came from the Highlands of Scotland. When old enough he went to school in winter and worked in summer. This continued until he was qualified to teach a common school, which he did for five years.

In 1860 he united with the Church and soon began to speak in public. Four years later he entered Bethany College. He was graduated in the class of 1867 in the honor group. Immediately after graduation Mr. McDiarmid accepted a call from the Church at Barnesville, Ohio, where he remained two years. During his ministry at Barnesville he was married to Miss Mary Campbell, the gifted and accomplished daughter of Mr. Neil Campbell, of Morpeth, Canada.

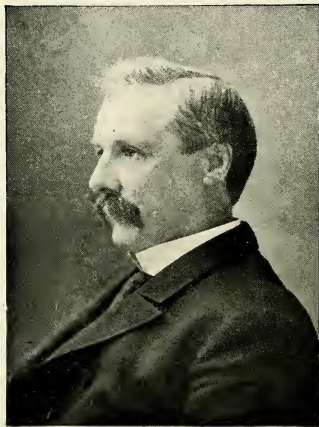
In 1875 he accepted a call from the Churches of Christ in Canada, asking him to do evangelistic work for what was known as the Wellington Co-operation. He removed to Toronto, where he remained eight years, preaching in that city and holding meetings with many of the Churches. In addition to his work as an evangelist he edited the "Bible Index," a monthly religious magazine. While he was in Canada he had eight public discussions, one of which has been published.

Early in 1883 he went to Cincinnati at the request of Dr. Isaac Errett, who wished him to assist in editing the "Christian Standard." After the untimely death of J. M. Tribble, acting President of Bethany College, the Trustees unanimously elected Mr. McDiarmid to the Presidency.

His preaching is pre-eminently scriptural and spiritual. He is the prince of expositors. As a debater he is fair to an opponent. At the same time he is quick to see a fallacy in argument and abundantly able to deal with it. However much one might differ from him in views, no one ever felt any doubt as to his being a Christian, a gentleman and a scholar.

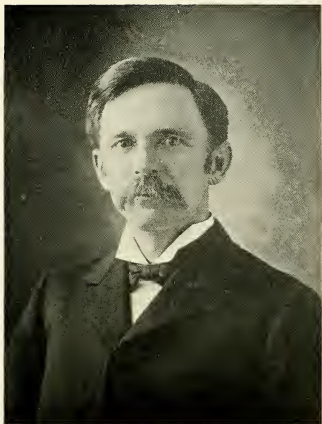






H. H. McDIARMID.





B. C. HAGERMAN.

## President B. C. Hagerman.

PROF. B. C. HAGERMAN, who now occupies the presidential chair of Bethany College, was born in Shelby county, Kentucky, October 22, 1853. He passed his childhood and youth on a farm and at the public school until he was prepared to begin higher work. He then entered Lawrenceburg Seminary, where he studied till he passed his examination and received a first grade certificate. On this he began teaching in the public schools of Kentucky in his sixteenth year. In the autumn of 1870, he entered the Bible College at Lexington, from which he graduated in 1874. At the opening of the next session of Bethany College he entered the Classical Department of that institution, and graduated with first honors in 1876. In the same year he was elected to the chair of Greek in his Alma Mater, where he taught for nine successive years, serving the last year as chairman of the Faculty.

He resigned his position in Bethany College in 1885 to accept a position in Hamilton College, Lexington. From there he went to Madison Female Institute, Richmond, Ky., and as President served that institution five years. He then went to San Diego, Cal., and spent two years as pastor of the Christian Church. He also spent a few months in San Francisco in the same work. Returning to Kentucky University he taught Latin one year, while Professor Milligan was in Europe; and from there he came to Bethany College, of which he is now President.

While engaged as teacher, he spent most of his time in preaching. Beginning in his seventeenth year he has preached for various churches in Kentucky, West Virginia, Ohio, Pennsylvania, California and other States. He is an excellent teacher and disciplinarian. As a preacher, he is clear in style, subjective in nature and persuasive in tone.

He married a grand daughter of Alexander Campbell, Miss Mary Anna Campbell, who has been to him a true and helpful companion in all his arduous labors.

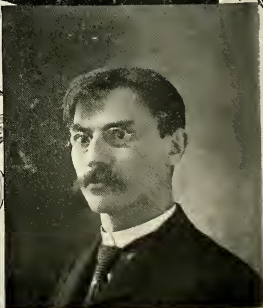
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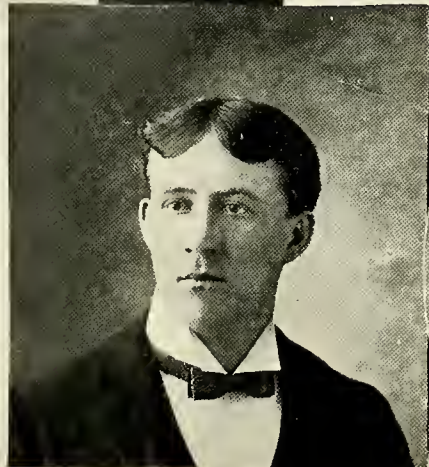
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Professor of Drawing and Painting.

## Senior Poem.

The end has come, our school days now are done  
And four more laps around Time's course are run.  
And as a birdling feathered out at last,  
Deserts its home with early dangers past;  
With wings outstretched and quivering fear possessed,  
As though with Heaven's vastness now distressed,  
Crouched low the while as if to gather there  
The strength all need to mount the upper air;  
And then with gathering courage springs from earth  
And has into the upper air its birth  
So we, safe passed the early stage of life  
Have come with strength unknown beyond the strife.  
Ambitions now upon the ruins rise  
Of what was once a glittering paradise—  
A paradise of glitter, tinsel-strewn—  
A rougher log, that now is smoother hewn,

But strength and grain to test as yet unknown,  
Which Time does ever make and Time alone.  
Now out we go into the open light,  
For now 'tis break of day where once 'twas night—  
A night of ignorance, conceit, yet bliss  
That left us sure of nothing true but this:  
That what we know doth introduce the book  
Whose leaves are still uncut; but as we look  
We see the leaves are turning to the skies,  
As peak on peak in mountain chains arise.  
The leaves that turn with treasures stored away  
Are bound within their covers—night and day.  
Within these covers treasure's lode is hidden  
To mine therein the graduate is bidden.  
And drink we now first draught at knowledge spring,  
And to this fount may we forever cling.



HERBERT H. MONINGER.  
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A. W. PLACE.  
O. G. WHITE.

F. M. BIDDLE, President.  
BESSIE LAUCK.





## Senior History.

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WHEN WE HEAR the word "Freshman," such adjectives as green, untutored, and unsophisticated, are used in direct connection, so it naturally caused comment which terminated in consternation when it was found that such derivatives were not applicable to the Freshman class of '98. We caused our presence to be felt from the first, and gradually dispelled all doubt as to our free and undisputed rights of "going on biz," and wearing silk hats. To this class belongs the honor of pulling the Junior tree for the first time in nine years. The Juniors had eluded the Freshmen for so many years, that it seemed almost impossible to re-instate the old time-honored custom of "pulling" the tree. But the Freshmen of '98 proved to their delight that they were too wily for the class of '96. In the class rush which followed, the numbers on both sides were even, yet the class of '98 pushed the contestants the length of the corridor, and the Seniors rendered their decision in favor of the athletic young Freshmen.

Our Sophomore year—that intermediate period between the first and third years, during which the Freshman is passing through the transition stage and emerging into that blissful state which the Juniors occupy—was spent in teaching the young idea the many uses of cayenne pepper, and of instilling into his youthful mind the healing effects of the waters of the Buffalo. Through our efforts, the missing bell-clapper was always returned, and by our gentle, yet persistent and indefatigable persuasiveness, we induced the Faculty to grant ground-hog day as a holiday. As a class, we were retiring and unassuming, yet bold enough to assert our rights. Though the Faculty very often conferred with us, yet it did not produce that egotism and effusiveness in us that develops in so many after being made an object of attention by the high and mighty.

We entered the Junior ranks with the high expectations and full confidence of both Faculty and students. Our names were honored and our opinions were held in high regard. In athletics we held the foremost places and gained the first prize medal on the field. In the base ball and foot ball teams, we furnished the majority of the players, and by our skillful fielding and unerring aim with the bat scored success for Bethany to the discomfiture of the opposing force.

We planted our tree, and at the expiration of three days announced the fact to the duped and surprised Freshmen, who had spent many sleepless nights guarding the campus, and had strengthened their soleus muscles in the midnight patrol. Under the cover of darkness they had scaled the tower, unfurled their flag, and barricaded the entrance. But "the way of the transgressor is hard," and their triumph was of short duration, for in a few minutes three valient Juniors

of incredible strength bombarded the barracks of the Freshmen and demanded their surrender. The Naughty Naughty class yielded with all the grace possible, yet evidently in great haste. '98 then planted her flag shrieked her yell, and held the fort for twenty-four hours, at the end of which time the Faculty interceded and insisted on the cessation of hostilities. cessation of hostilities.

We have been classed among the leaders, not only physically but also intellectually. One from our number was chosen President of the Inter-Collegiate Oratorical Association. In the contest held at Bethany, of the four contestants '98 had three representatives, all of whom proved that they were fully capable of coping with a Senior.

"At last we joined the Senior circle,  
And spread our fame o'er all the land."

Bethany College does not realize what she must suffer, but after June 16th, she will find that she must look for other support, for the class of '98, which has been her main prop and stay for four years will have withdrawn, and then the extent of so great a loss will make it self-evident, and she will bitterly repent that more leniency had not been shown toward her wayward children. "To err is human," and we acknowledge that occasionally we may have called down the wrath of some unoffending Sophomore or guileless Freshman, and though we may have "offended seventy times seven," yet "to forgive is divine."

By our innate progressiveness, we have brought about an innovation at a Bethany Commencement, and in June we will appear in caps and gowns, thus somewhat changing the monotonous routine of graduation.

Our four Presidents, who have guided our feet as we trod the rough and stony paths, and have always led us to victory, are with us to the last, and though we have only a dozen tried and trusty comrades, yet we know that what we have lost in numbers, we have gained in talent.

We continue to lead in intellectual pursuits, and this year the four oratorical contestants are from our number, while the Juniors found it necessary to gain our assistance and utilize our mental ability in publishing their Annual. But since we "have freely received," we "freely give," and are glad that we can aid them.

Only a few more weeks and we shall leave our Alma Mater forever. We have spent many pleasant months in the shadow of our beloved college, and will carry with us happy remembrances which will lighten our hearts when the busy cares of life come upon us.





Z. E. BATES.  
H. M. ACOAM.

H. N. MILLER.  
M. E. STICKLEY.

JULIAN T. BARCLAY.  
D. R. BEBOUT.





J. M. TRIBBLE.

F. B. HUFFMAN.

F. E. WYNNE.



## Class Officers '98.

PRESIDENT—F. M. Biddle.  
VICE PRESIDENT—A. W. Place.  
SECRETARY—Herbert Moninger.  
TREASURER—Julian T. Barclay.

### Class Yell.

Wah! Hoo! Wah!  
Sis! Boom! Ah!  
98! 98! Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah!

COLORS—*Gold and White.*  
MOTTO—"Crescimus eundo."

### Class Roll.

H. M. ACOAM.  
JULIAN T. BARCLAY.  
Z. E. BATES.  
F. M. BIDDLE.

D. R. BEBOUT.  
A. C. CHAPMAN.  
BESSIE LAUCK.  
H. N. MILLER.

H. H. MONINGER.  
M. E. STICKLEY.  
A. W. PLACE.  
O. G. WHITE.

## Junior Poem.

Oh! can there in this world be found  
A class so true to shine  
In virtue, honor, purity,  
As that of '99.

We've gathered here with purpose true,  
In numbers few but brave,  
To join with freedom, honesty,  
The world to rouse and save.

Beneath our banner's Black and Gold  
United, one we stand;  
All ready for the moment  
To execute command.

We do not sail on clearest streams,  
Nor go with joy to share  
In pleasures, honors, happiness,  
Devoid of toil and care.

We've buckled on our armor bright,  
Determined, come what may,  
To fight the wrong, to do the right,  
And Heaven's laws obey.

We apprehend the mind will grow  
If exercised each day,  
And thus we rear a building grand,  
Which never will decay.

When, Juniors, we have gained a store  
Of every college branch,  
We'll spread our sails in hope's fair breeze,  
And on life's ocean launch.

Then brave and valiant will we work  
To stem the ocean's tide;  
The noble class of '99,  
Our Alma Mater's pride.

\* \* \* \* \*

When the course of the Junior class is run,  
When Life's bright day and evening sun  
Are hid beneath the hills of time,  
Oh! may we hear that Voice sublime:  
"Well done, thou good and faithful one,  
Thou hast fought the fight—the prize is won."





FRANK N. OTSUKA.  
W. P. S. MURRAY.

MARY CHARNOCK.  
MYRA CARROLL.

IDA H. TAYLOR.  
CARRIE MATHEWS.

F. A. HODGE.  
WILL L. FISHER, (Pres.)





## Class History, '99.

**H**AD I THE GENIUS of a Bancroft, the language of a Macauley and the wisdom of a Solomon, I would still hesitate to write the history of the immortal class of '99.

It is said that there are three important events in the lives of most people; their birth, their marriage and their death. And so it is in the life of a class; its entrance, the "scrap," and its graduation. Those who have preceded us have humbly bowed to the time worn and barbarous customs of former times and dragged their college in the dust by indulging in the "annual scrap," but not so with '99. We entered the classic halls of old Bethany at a time when she seemed to be tottering on the very brink of the grave, and resolved that we would not bow to dishonorable practices, even though they were the customs, neither would we find fault with them unless we could offer a substitute, and this we did in a way that made us the object of envy of the whole school.

We organized as a Freshman class on October 31, 1895, about four months before the usual time, but "great reforms move slowly," and thus we utilized these four months to good advantage. Our first President was Great Livered Mong, the sprightliest of the unsophisticated aggregation. His enhancing beauty and honied words won many a battle for us. Other bright lights on our official list during that eventful year were Bow-legged Hostler, V. P., Many-Biz McFarland, Secy., "I'm a honey" Taylor, Treas., and Ever-Contriving Echols, Captain. Many of these bright lights have been extinguished long ere this, but time alone can tell the results of their mighty deeds as officers of the immortal '99. We resolved to discontinue the "scrap" and we discontinued it. The proud and haughty Juniors cartooned our beautiful faces and hung them on the Corridor walls, but we stood our ground and laughed them to scorn.

The class of '98 resolved not to "Scrap," but it lacked the courage of its conviction, and it did the baby act and "scrapped." But not so with us; we said No! and we meant it, and when the poor, helpless, childlike, weeping Juniors burned our class in effigy, to incite our feelings, we calmly laughed at them and let her burn, but the "scrap" was dead, and these poor, deluded "hoboes" of '97 hadn't found it out. However they deserved our pity, and we did not fail to sympathize with them in the fact that they had burned a good suit of clothes in order to make us "scrap," and then we didn't.

But such is the life of a college man—some are MEN, others are simply a species of the genus homo.

Our Sophomore year was uneventful, saving in the fact that all eyes were turned toward us to see what we would do about the annual "scrap" that year. But no one was disappointed as to our position. We opposed it as was our custom

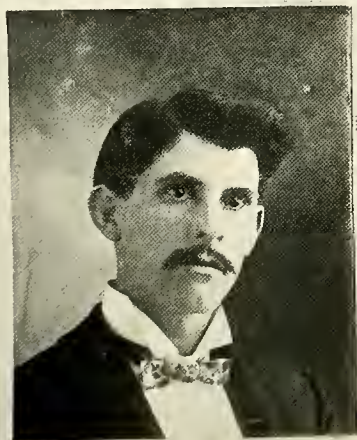
and it was a failure on that account. Our official staff for that year was as follows: Terrified Jeriah White, Pres.; Lilliputian Roberts, V. P.; Baldrige's-"biz" Mast, Secy.; Wheelbarrow Pick and Shovel Murray, Treas.—a board of officers which carried out the wishes of the class to the letter, and which could not be bluffed.

But when our Junior year came, then what? Why, we organized our class as usual, condemned the "scrap," and sent a committee to the Freshmen to propose a Banquet and an Athletic contest in its stead—the same proposition we had made to the Juniors in our Freshman year. This was agreed upon, and the Junior's planted their tree as is the custom, but the dear, verdant, grass-hued clodhoppers of that hilarious lot failed to find it, and true to their promise, we had a Banquet. The officers of this most honorable class for the year of '98 is as follows: Billie Lovely-scented Fisher fills the chair, and Miss Pearl-of-the-Antilles Morris sits beside him as V. P. Miss Independent Taylor, Secy., with Frightful Appendix Hodge, Treas., and Too Joyful White, Captain of the Campus.

The night of the Banquet developed a few traitors in the immortal '99, but they have, long ere this, repented of their mistake, and thus we will pass them by. The Banquet was a success in every feature, and the "scrap" is a thing of the past, notwithstanding the many attempts to make us deviate from our course, and to spoil the Banquet, yet we have overcome all obstacles and are on the way to success and victory in all our undertakings, and what more could we wish? We have accomplished all that we have undertaken, what more could we ask?

Time and space forbid a more extended article at this time, but as the old adage says: "Life is not in words but deeds," we will leave you to judge of the future for yourselves.





ANNA WOOLERY.  
T. J. WHITE.

H. PEARL MORRIS.  
LILLIAN A. ROBERTS.

MAUDE MCFARLAND.  
T. B. M. SOMMERVILLE.



## Class Officers '99.

PRESIDENT—W. L. Fisher.

VICE PRESIDENT—H. Pearl Morris.

SECRETARY—Ida H. Taylor.

TREASURER—Fred A. Hodge.

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## Class Yell.

Hoo ! Gah ! Hah ! Hoo ! Gah ! Hah !

'99. '99. Rah ! Rah ! Rah !

Who are we? Who are we?

Junior class of Beth-a-nee !

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COLORS—*Old Gold and Black.*

## Sophomore Poem.

When the Sophomore class entered college to endure all the hardships  
of Freshmen,  
Resplendent her valor and courage gleamed brighter than all predecessors.

With zeal she supported her athletes; her orators, proud in their glory  
Stood and proclaimed, with a spirit, the grandeur of old 1900.

Nor ever a word there was uttered till deeds, strong and valiant,  
accomplished  
Endowed her with many a cause to make all the boasts that her  
sisters  
Had made, when fresh from a contest with banners that told of some  
triumph  
Were flaunted, and hurled at their downcast victims their bitter invectives.

And when all the bogs had been traversed and missiles which long had  
assailed us  
Were blunted and buried at last in the beautiful Sophomore meadows,  
She forward, with Honor, preceded by pleasanter ways and by  
brooklets  
Receiving the smiles, which were due her, from even the stern upper-  
classmen.

In battles, adventures and exploits, in classrooms and music, on rostrums,  
And e'en in dread examinations she stood far above all her fellows.  
Her youths are all heroes most worthy, her maidens are all of the  
fairest.  
She stands with a wreath on her forehead, the century's grandest  
finale.







SCENES ON TRIP TO BETHANY.





FIRST SIGHT OF BETHANY.



## Class of 1900.

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FIRST IMPRESSIONS are usually about right, and the Collegian voiced the sentiment of every one when it said after its first inspection of the class of 1900, "Our first impressions make us jubilant." That same good impression has been maintained all through its history. Occasionally during the fall of '96 could be heard the remark: "1900 will be a scrapper, when the time comes." But they thought but little of such things until the dignity and honor of the class were at stake, and then they showed the true metal of which they are made. The Juniors commenced hostilities on the corridor, in a bullying way, intending to eject the unsophisticated; but found themselves promptly floored and in great danger of going over the corridor, railing.

Wednesday afternoon, February 3rd, 1897, the class was organized with the following officers: P. B. Cochran, Pres.; J. E. Martin, Vice Pres.; Miss Grace Cooper, Sec., R. R. Alexander, Treas., and J. E. Martin, Captain of Campus.

After that the scrap commenced in earnest; but why need we go over those scenes again? For all know how valiantly and nobly the class of 1900 carried herself through those trying times; how the tower was taken and lost, and then retaken again; how each member through the whole struggle never once lost his sense of right and justice; and then finally of how 1900 came out victorious with the blue and red flying proudly above the yellow and white of '98. All honor and praise was given to 1900 for the manly way she carried herself through this struggle.

An effort was made to break up the class entertainment of that year, but despite all efforts, the entertainment was successfully carried out.

In December of '97 the class elected the following officers for the Sophomore year: F. M. Gordon, Pres.; J. J. Taylor, Vice Pres.; Frank Prunsche, Sec.; Miss Louise Colburn, Treas.

The class of 1900 has always been in the first ranks in the class room, in the literary societies, and on the athletic field, and will always be found at the front. And when in 1900 this illustrious class is launched upon the world, we feel sure it will be for its members to go forward to success in whatever sphere of life their lot may be cast, and to reflect honor back upon their Alma Mater.

## Class Officers 1900,

PRESIDENT—F. M. Gordon.

VICE PRESIDENT—J. J. Taylor.

SECRETARY—F. J. Prunsche.

TREASURER—C. C. Cowgill.

### Class Yell.

Ka Zic! La La!

Ka Zic! La La!

1900, Ha! Ha! Ha!

Boom! Zip! Boom.

Ali Ka Za!

1900! Rah! Rah! Rah!

MOTTO—“*Opera, non verba.*”

COLORS—*Red and Blue.*

### Class Roll.

ALEXANDER, R. R.

ALLEN, E. A.

COCHRAN, P. B.

COLBURN, M. L.

COOPER, G. F.

COOPER, J. J.

COWGILL, C. C.

CRISWELL, P. B.

GORDON, F. M.

GREEN, R. R.

MARTIN, J. E.

MASON, G. M.

PRUNSCHE, F. J.

TAYLOR, J. J.

VOGEL, V. V.

WILLS, E. Y.





FIRST TUNNEL OUT OF BETHANY.

## Freshman Poem.

Come all ye people, give ear to my story  
Ye Seniors, give ear to my song;  
Ye, Juniors, list to the echoes of glory,  
Ye Sophs., come along with the throng.

I tell it with pride, a tale that is true,  
For out from the world's vast estate  
The Freshman class came, they flashed into view  
While the world fogged on somewhat late.

But all the world-loss was a gain to the College.  
Our impress was felt at the first;  
For we brought with us wisdom and knowledge  
A drink fit to quench the world's thirst.

Our conquests were many, our vict'rys glorious,  
And a sight were the Juniors to see,  
For from the campus, the Freshmen victorious  
Drove Juniors to cellar with tree.

Then at the Banquet, in merriment's moment,  
Where eloquence surged as the waves,  
Our speeches, on guests an impression so lent  
They hailed us the bravest of braves.

All our successes, howe'er they seem vast  
Are as foam that comes with the "siz,"  
When placed by the side of those I now put last,  
For we are at best when on "biz."



## Freshman History.

GR EAT EVENTS grow out of small beginnings, says an old adage; and if the greatness of outcome is always to be in the same proportion as the smallness of the beginning, the destiny of the class which expects to be graduated from Bethany's classic halls in June, 1901, will be bright beyond the wildest dreams of even a Freshman's fantastic imagination; for never before in the annals of her history has Bethany gazed upon so weak, puny and unsophisticated a conglomeration of nonentities as that which composes the class to which she has this year opened her doors. Why! Some of them Kent even walk erect as members of any respectable class should, but they are compelled to Riggle along like insignificant worms, and there are Moore who can't do better than Waddle.

This class was ushered into existence in a very ordinary manner, and for a long time it developed no eccentricities except its inferiority, to distinguish it from any former class, until one young stripling, in order to win the plaudits of his fellow-classmen resolved to break the bonds of College custom and bask in the sunny smiles of God's fairest gift to man. This, of course, could not be allowed, and since he disregarded all friendly warnings, he was finally summoned to appear before that grave and august assembly dubbed the "Kangaroo Court." But he, thinking that he was strong enough to resist all law, refused to obey the command of the court, until the Judge issued orders to produce his body dead or alive, by which command the criminal was brought to court sine mora.

Proceedings were delayed for a short time, owing to the impossibility of finding a jury who were the peers of the prisoner. As such a jury could not be procured outside of the Freshman class, he was tried by one composed of his superiors, who having carefully considered the evidence in the case, found him guilty of going on "Biz" in the first degree. In consideration of which the Judge sentenced him to a cool plunge in the Buffalo. But owing to the fact that he was at this time cutting his wisdom teeth, it was feared that this punishment would prove fatal, so he was released, after having given bond for his good behavior.

The next event of importance in the history of this remarkable class was its election, which took place.

At first everything went on very well, owing to the brilliant foresight of the aforesaid class in procuring as policeman for the occasion one of the Faculty's most athletic members, and also His Serene Highness Rt. Hon. Archibald Mercer, known in common parlance as Lord of the Coal Bucket. Notwithstanding this powerful protection, they did not remain undisturbed, for right in the midst of the proceedings, the nostrils of those present began to be assailed by a peculiar odor, that can in nowise be likened unto the perfumes of Araby.



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Immediately conjectures arose as to the nature of the strange odor. Some suggested that the College was on fire; others that there must be diseased eggs somewhere, but the worthy President of the Freshman class, being no spring chicken, having had previous acquaintance with this wonderful phenomenon, announced in choking accents that they were being smoked out, and straightway there began a scramble for air. Some rushed to the windows, others to the doors, but one young man, having been taught by Prof. Blanpied that smoke ascends, got down upon all fours and poked his proboscis through a hole in the floor. To his great grief, he found that the smoke was there in such volume as can only be likened to that that pours forth from the Phillips' Hall furnace when the Duke of Wellington Murray "fires up." And now the poor Freshmen were in a very grave predicament and would, no doubt, have been asphyxiated had they not possessed a fellow member of Websterian intellect who, with tears in his eyes, a sneeze in his nose, and pepper smoke in his throat, conceived the brilliant idea of adjourning, which they forthwith did, sine die.

As the meeting was broken up in such haste, they did not have time to decide that all important question—whether or not they would "scrap." Now as the time for the Juniors to plant their tree, and also the annual "scrap" drew near, they began to be sore afraid, and held many and grave consultations in order to solve this very perplexing problem. At last they formulated a most brilliant plan, namely, that they would substitute a tea party in place of the scrap. (Ye Gods! what has become of the former valor of the Helvetians?)

The Juniors, to their everlasting disgrace, agreed to this plan. And this was the way it was to be managed: The Juniors were to plant their tree, and if it remained in the ground three nights, the Freshmen must pay the expenses of the doll party; but if the Freshmen pulled the tree before the three nights were past, then the Juniors would be compelled to foot the bill. Many were the long, cold and tiresome nights that the Freshmen patrolled the campus. Many were the scoffs and jeers that they were compelled to stand. But all in vain was their untiring vigilance, for one morning as they were wending their weary way to Chapel they met with a sight that struck sorrow to their hearts. There was the Junior Flag floating in triumph upon the Junior Tree, that had been growing for five days.

And now we come to that most important event, "the doll party," or, as the Freshmen term it, The Banquet. Elaborate preparations had been made and on the evening of that momentous occasion a strong guard had been stationed at suitable points to protect the guests from the temerity of the members of the other classes, and numerous safeguards had been placed over the delicacies(?) prepared for the so-called Banquet. Everything having been seen to, the crafty Freshmen considered themselves safe, and straightway prepared to enjoy the evening to its fullest extent. But 'the Freshman proposes and someone else disposes.' They should not have thought that they could so easily escape the

craftiness of the wicked. For as they were meandering to the Banqueting Hall with the maidens of their choice, some extremely naughty boys ejected upon their clothing a liquid preparation concocted expressly for the occasion, so that when they arrived at their destination, they found that they had a very peculiar odor about them, unlike anything they had ever smelled before or ever wish to smell again. This made the evening slightly unpleasant, to say the least, but they put up with it the best they could and partook of the excellent Banquet that had been prepared, the first course of which was Fried Cabbage, Fried Onions, Fried Potatoes and fried other things too numerous to mention that are considered great delicacies with the Freshmen. Every one declared that they had a very enjoyable evening, more or less.



## Class Officers, 1901.

PRESIDENT—W. H. Fields.

VICE PRESIDENT—C. E. Jones.

SECRETARY—R. F. Strickler.

TREASURER—Daisy Cooper.

CAPTAIN OF CAMPUS—V. H. Miller.

ASST. CAPTAIN OF CAMPUS—W. W. Kent.

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### Class Yell.

Who are we? Come and see!

First class of the century.

Bethany, 1901!

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MOTTO—*Sic Semper Maginis.*

COLORS—*Light Blue and Rose.*

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### Class Roll.

ALLEN, EDITH.

BUCKINGHAM, VIOLET.

BARGER, F. D.

COOPER, DAISY

FIELDS, W. H.

GREEN, J. F.

ISRAEL, A. G.

JOHNSON, A. C.

JONES, C. E.

KENT, W. W.

McBROOM, ANNA

McCLELLAND, B.

MILLER, V. H.

MARTIN, J. E.

NICHOLSON, E. C.

RIGGLE, W. S.

STRICKLER, R. F.

SWANEY, G.

SHRONTZ, J. F.

STEPHENSON, R. O.

WALTON, LINDA

WOOLERY, ANNA

WADDLE, G. A.

## Beta Theta Pi.

'98.

A. W. PLACE. M. E. STICKEY.

A. I. NEWTON MILLER.

J. M. TRIBLE [Post Graduate.]

OSCAR WELLS.

J. R. TOLAR, JR. [Post Graduate.]

'99.

W. L. FISHER.

'00.

P. B. COCHRAN. J. J. TAYLOR.



M. E. STICKLEY. H. N. MILLER. A. W. PLACE.  
W. L. FISHER. J. M. TRIBBLE. O. T. WHITACRE. J. J. TAYLOR.  
P. B. COCHRAN.



## Beta Theta Pi.

COLORS—*Pink and Blue.*

FLOWER—*Rose.*

THE FRATERNITY of Beta Theta Pi was founded at Miami University by John Reily Knox in January, 1839. Since its organization it has enjoyed a career of unbroken prosperity and now stands at the head of the Greek-letter fraternity system of America. Her alumni hold many of the prominent positions of distinction in affairs of state, while others are celebrated in the world of literature and art.

The Bethany chapter, the Psi of Beta Theta Pi, was among the first chapters located by the fraternity and has outlived many others which have been established here. She has more than four hundred alumni who are making progress in law and medicine, in the pulpit, on the bench and in every vocation of life. Her men have always been among the best in the College. The Chapter occupies the best suite of three rooms in the town, which are excellently furnished and admirably equipped. She graduates three men in June, '98, and one receives the post graduate degree of A. M.

## Πι Theta.

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COLORS—*Black and White.*

FLOWER—*Jack-in-the-Pulpit.*

THE LOCAL FRATERNITY of Pi Theta was organized in Bethany College in January, 1898, with ten men. No fraternity has made a brighter beginning than Pi Theta and, if her future years are as prosperous as her first one, she will forge rapidly to the front. Alpha chapter graduates three men in June, '98. She occupies a large and commodious apartment and is well established.





BETA GIRLS AND BOYS.



## Department of Music.

COLLEGE LIFE is like the life of a nation "en miniature." At first the practical, the useful, the things that go to fit man for the successful contests of life, stand in the foreground; and only with ripening age, when by dint of improved methods the necessities of life can be secured without exhausting all the available energies, there steps in the artistic element—that which, while in its very nature ornamental, nevertheless satisfies cravings which lie at the very root of man's being.

And it is only within comparatively recent times that college life in America has in this sense outgrown the utilitarian stage; that it has become generally recognized that in an education which sets itself the purpose to develop to its utmost every side of man's varied capacities, the aesthetic side of his nature likewise is entitled to a fair share of the educator's solicitude. And Bethany College has been quick to grasp this idea, and to translate it into a practical fact by the establishment of a Department of Music.

For years this department has held an enviable position for the thoroughness of its work and its advanced methods. Its refining influences have been carried into many homes all over our broad land. Others, again, have gone out as teachers to work in the cause of music, and the future promises still greater things. The new director, himself recognized in higher circles as a musician of a high order, has infused new life into this part of the college work, and the outlook for the future is promising indeed. The always welcome assistance rendered by this department to the numerous literary entertainments, its own excellent monthly recitals, the Glee Club, which owes to it its existence and is becoming so favorably known, all have served to make it an integral, vital part of our beloved institution, and hand in hand with the other departments, supplementing them, and by so doing receiving itself new strength, the music department bids fair to advance step by step further on its onward course. Long may it live and prosper!

## "Biz."

THE EDITOR asks for "a short article describing 'Biz.'" "Canst thou draw out the leviathan with a hook?" Can I in a short article describe the creation of the world, or explain its purpose? Man by himself was, and always will be, a failure, so God made woman and they went on "Biz" together. Hence its origin was in Eden, though 6,000 years of human history fail to reveal another time or place in which it was called by such a name. However, Bethany has a reputation for originality and the unique.

Bethany, and every thing, quality and person connected with her, means business. "Biz" is thing, quality and person. Ergo, "Biz" means business. Thus Profs. Aristotle and Green. Before the light of co-education dawned on Bethany, students absent too long from town and classes excused themselves to the Faculty thus: "Absent on business." The tendency of colleg boys to economize everything even time, caused the abbreviation, "On Biz." Hence the term.

It is a peculiarly complex term. An English course was recently introduced into the curriculum, and the professor thereof made many attempts to analyze the mysteries of the term with the aid of the ex-Chancellor, but without success. Greek, that beautiful language, so nicely fitted to express delicate shades of meaning, has resisted Professor Green's repeated attempts to give thereby any worthy expression of its deep significance. Professor Schell's attempts in the same line had previously proved abortive, and he came to the philosophical conclusion that the only practical way to solve the problem was to keep eternally at it, and he was right.

A young man writes a note to a young lady requesting "the pleasure of your company for Saturday afternoon," etc.—any time from 1 to 3 o'clock p. m. he intends to go. Knowing this, she spends all the time from 12 o'clock to a half hour after he calls in preparing. Besides others, behold the grammatical mystery! The note is "Biz," the date appointed is "Biz," the act of going is "Biz," the young man is the young lady's "Biz," and vice versa. Hence "Biz" is masculine, feminine, neuter and common gender. It is noun, adjective, verb, interjection, conjunction—any part of speech, especially conjunction. It is both singular and plural—like a kiss—and is inflected for "case" only under certain circumstances. These circumstances are peculiar, and inexplicable to any but minds well advanced in the study.

This phase in particular, and, indeed, "Biz" in general is for the Senior—supposedly. It is permitted to the Sophomore, encouraged in the Junior (when necessary), and indulged in by the "grave and reverend." But for the unhappy Freshman who dares to climb the Delectable Mountains, sorrow and downfall lie lurking. His aspirations are



cooled, his swollen head reduced by the coldest water obtainable. "Biz" is beyond his capacity, and indulgence would be his ruin. Freshwomen, girls excepted—will the compositor please, for the Editor's sake not print "accepted;" the insinuation that they write "Biz" notes would bring their wrath down upon him.

The reader will observe that I have spoken naught of the pleasures of "Biz," or the disadvantages thereof. It takes experience to do that; and yet the more one indulges the more perplexed one becomes. This is true, I believe, only from the man's standpoint. A clever woman may arrive at a fair understanding of even a clever man, but the converse is an impossibility. However, I notice that the "Biz"-ite meets the world with more assurance, more courtesy and refinement, and two chances of success to one of the non-"Biz"-ite. Constant contact with clever refinement must necessarily engender both qualities in return.

It is interesting to watch the beginner meander his way to the hall on Sunday afternoon. "Biz," to him, is just beginning to be inflected for "case." He is quite an expert at accompanying his friend to entertainments, where but little talking is expected, on which occasion he has left her reluctantly, yet willingly, at the door of the Hall. In expectations of a fine day he has mustered up courage to ask the privilege of calling Sunday afternoon, intending to go out for a walk. Vain hope! it rains. He would give a little world to be free from the galling bitterness of sitting with a dozen couples in a small, stuffy reception room on hard, straight-back chairs which make his hands and feet and general awkwardness so evident. Every "Biz"-ite in the Hall knows he is a beginner, and measures his assurance with an eye that does not tend to set his heart at rest. I repeat, the boy who successfully passes through such an ordeal is assured of two chances of success in the world to one held by the boy who shrinks from this crucial test. I am not considering the brainless bundles of self-esteem who lack both sensitiveness and that delicate appreciation of a true woman without which a man is no man. Nor do I include that highly privileged character whose constant association from boyhood, with refined girls and womanhood has smoothed the crudeness found in so many of our college boys. College boys are largely country boys.

"Biz" has its thorns, but the rose is there for the one who will dare the risk of the pricked finger, the formidable countenance and statutes of the terrible matron—a rose whose sweet fragrance and beauty has lingered clingingly around the lives of many Bethany students. No word is dearer, and none awakens memories half so sweet to Bethany's sons and daughters as the homely word "Biz."

## American Literary Institute.

**A**MONG THE ESSENTIALS of a complete college education, the literary work holds a position second only to that of the class-room. The collegiate course furnishes the student with priceless gems of knowledge; the literary society teaches him to apply his learning and to present his thoughts to others in the most attractive form. To attain the greatest efficiency in this it is necessary to work in the best society; and the worth of a society may be judged by her past and present.

In the session of 1841-2, fourteen students of Bethany, representing the noble youth of seven States, organized the Bethany Institute. Shortly afterward this name was changed to that of the "American Literary Institute." Believing the cultivation of our intellectual and moral faculties to be an object of the highest importance, our founders chose the motto of Alexander Campbell to be the guiding star in our search for truth.

When the College was burned in 1858 we suffered the loss of a valuable library of over one thousand volumes. In the new building which rose from the ashes of the old, our Society obtained one of the best apartments and in it trained some of her most worthy sons. In the year of '79 we were again deprived of our home by the ravages of fire, but soon obtained the hall which we have occupied for the past eighteen years.

In 1894 the A. L. I. won the first in the series of oratorical contests between the literary societies. The succeeding year saw her gain another victory and last year added the third laurel wreath to our trophies. We also won this year's contest—making a record of 4 out of 5.

In the spring of 1896 our beloved Institute manifested her generous spirit by opening her doors to the young ladies of the college. Some of their number grasped the opportunity and have added their charms and graces to the other attractive features of our Society.

Always remembering that "Light descends from above," the sons of "America" have been enabled through all the trials of the past years to raise her ever higher and higher upon the ladder of fame. From the beginning of her career the A. L. I. has sustained an enviable reputation. She has sent forth scores of true, upright men to bless mankind. We find among the foremost in the ministry those who take as the beginning of their success the day when the A. L. I. stretched forth her arms in joy to receive and welcome them. In law, medicine, the school-room, journalism, and every profession which tends to ennobling and enlightening the human race are those who look back upon the hours spent in America's



A. L. I. HALL.





halls as the hapiest in youth's sunny pathway. To our Alma Mater our Institute has given four Presidents, while other colleges have chosen to exalt five of her alumni to that responsible position. We look up with pride and reverence to these men, some of whom have already crossed the dark river to receive a crown of glory in the bright Eternity; some whose locks have been silvered by the blighting hand of Father Time, and for whose thread of life grim Atropos is stretching forth her eager fingers; and others of whom in the noonday of life are now doing their grandest work for God and man. They are to us leaders in the great battle of life, ever beckoning us to follow and share in their success and honor. In their achievements we see our possibilities; and in their efforts an incentive to strive more diligently to be something; their noble influence inspires us to be "purer in purpose and stronger in strife, that all life may be purer and stronger thereby."

Though bitter foes assai us, we will never fly the field,  
Pressing forward to the front, we'll be the last to yield,  
All our weapons ready, and engraved upon our shield:

*"Lux Decendit E Caelo."*



## Neotrophian Literary Society.

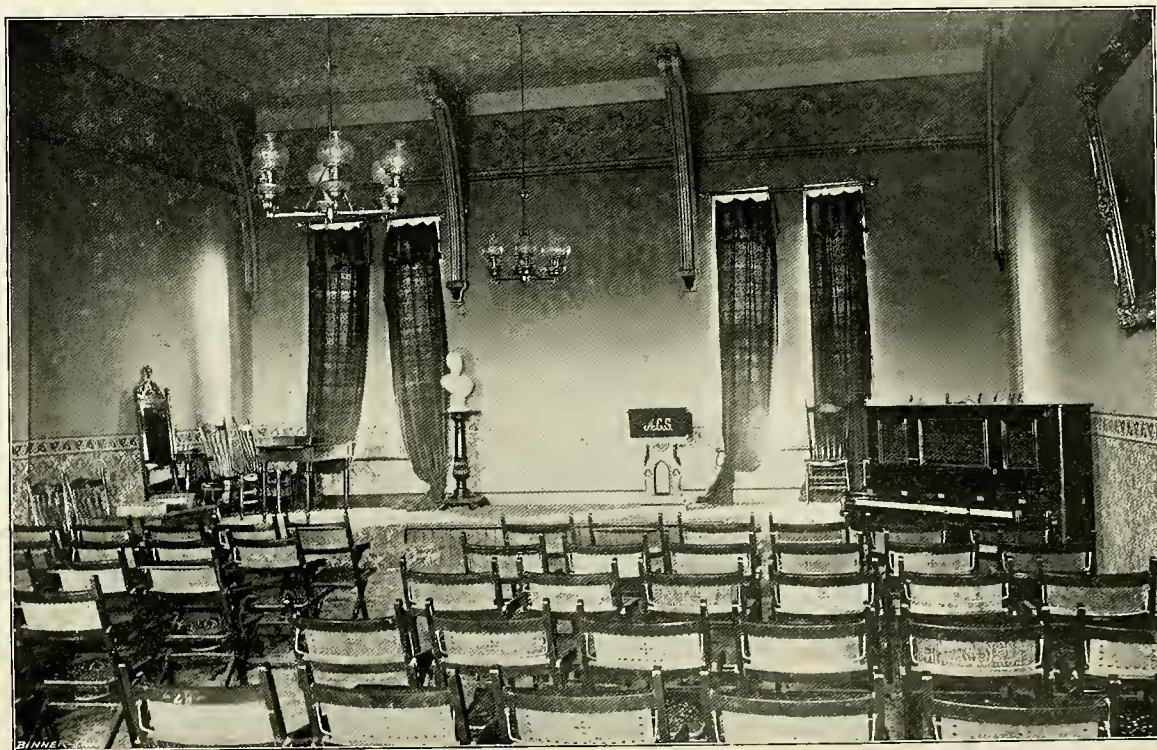
ON THE FIFTH of November, 1841, the students of Bethany College assembled in the College Hall to form a Literary Society. Prof. Charles Stuart was called to the chair and Dr. B. F. Trabue, now of Glasgow, Ky., was appointed Secretary. After considerable discussion as to what should be the name of the Society, Neotrophian (which means the nurture of the young) was agreed upon, and the motto "quaerimus verum" was adopted. Committees were appointed to frame a Constitution and By-Laws, which was accomplished during the next week. The parliamentary rules governing the American Congress were mainly adopted.

In a short time the Society had an elegantly furnished hall and the nucleus of a library of very choice books, which was added to from year to year till the number of volumes reached about twelve hundred—all of which were destroyed in the fire of 1858. At the same time a beautiful silk banner was burned. This banner was highly prized, as it was a gift from ladies of Virginia and Kentucky, and was carried with great pride on all public occasions. The badge of the members was very showy: a blue silk sash with a rosette on the shoulder and where it crossed on the hip, with Neotrophian in large gilt letters across the breast. The official badges were of white and crimson silk, made in the same manner.

In March, 1849, the Legislature of Virginia, granted a charter to the Society. J. D. Pickett, John W. McGarvey, T. F. Campbell, John K. Tener and Alex. Campbell, Jr., were the charter members, and all are still living except T. F. Campbell, who died a few years ago in Oregon. All rules and By-laws adopted were strictly observed, and all the proceedings of the Society were conducted with dignity and decorum—in fact with more dignity than is frequently observed in our own U. S. Congress. Once each month all officers of the Society were elected, and much interest was felt in the elections, as it was considered a high honor to fill the presidential chair, or, in fact, any office in the Society.

The Anonymous-box was an interesting feature in the early days—into which members could drop contributions each week until Friday morning. Two anonymous readers were elected every month, whose duty it was to read all articles in the box before the meeting of the Society, rejecting anything of a personal or offensive nature. The anonymous articles were a source of great amusement, always being read near the close of the meetings. Generally they were criticisms on the performances of the preceding meetings. This had a good effect, as it caused members to be very careful in the preparations of their different performances.

The earnest work of the members of the Society gave zest to college life, and it was thought by many that society



N. L. S. HALL.



work was as improving and important, if not more important, than almost any single branch of college education. It was here the bent of each mind was developed on particular lines, and the character formed in society has shown in the lives of many Neotrophians. As this article has, necessarily to be brief, I know of nothing that would give more genuine pleasure and satisfaction to the friends of the Society than to mention a few of the members whose distinguished career has reflected honor on the Society which in a great measure contributed to make them what they were and now are.

In almost all the avocations of life the Society has representatives—in the pulpit, at the bar, on the bench, in the army, editorial chair, doctors, poets, professors, presidents of colleges, merchants and farmers, State legislators, Senators, members of Congress and diplomats in the service of our country, who have won honorable distinction. The first matriculate of Bethany College, fifty-seven years ago—Dr. Buchanan Richards, now living in King William county, Virginia—was a Neotrophian. The first five graduates of Bethany College in 1844 were all Neotrophians, viz.: J. C. Stone, John A. Dearborn, Robert T. Bryan, James S. Hall, all of Kentucky, and William Ferrel, of Virginia. John A. Dearborn is a preacher of distinction now living in Richmond, Virginia; General J. C. Stone, a banker of Leavenworth, Kansas. Five Neotrophians served in the Mexican war—J. C. Stone, who won the title of General; John B. Robertson, who carried the banner of the "Bloody First" Tennessee regiment, and was afterwards elected to a judgeship in New Orleans, La., which position he filled with honor many years. D. Runyon, of Kentucky; W. H. Clark, of Mississippi, and T. F. Campbell, of Louisiana, went through that war with honor to themselves and to their country.

General Walter C. Whitaker, of Kentucky, was distinguished as a General in the Federal, and General A. J. Ferry, of Texas, in the Confederate Army. We mention only a few Neotrophians who have attained distinction:

As preachers, teachers, and presidents of colleges—Robert Graham, of Ky.; J. W. McGarvey, George L. Darsie, J. D. Pickett, T. M. Arnold, John A. Gano, B. C. Hagerman, H. Boring, J. S. McGarvey, A. R. Milligan, W. W. Pinkerton, and W. J. Loos, all of Kentucky; A. R. Benton, of Indiana; J. S. Lamar, of Georgia; T. F. Campbell, of Louisiana; A. S. Baldwin, of Texas; A. C. McKeever, of Pennsylvania; J. Hobbs, of Illinois; L. A. Cutler, of Virginia; R. C. Cave, A. B. Phillips, R. M. Messick, G. W. Muckley, of Missouri, O. G. Hertsog, F. M. Dowling, J. E. Pounds, of Ohio; S. B. Teagarden, of Pennsylvania, and O. Schmeidel, of West Virginia.

In Journalism—W. D. Bickham, of the Dayton "Journal; H. K. Pendleton, of the "Christian Standard;" P. Y. Pendleton, of the "Lookout;" George C. Curtis, of the "Pan-Handle News;" John B. Robertson, of a New Orleans paper; J. C. Rosborough, of a Texas paper; William Ferrel, of a Kansas paper, and J. W. Hundley, of an Alabama paper.

In the medical profession—Drs. L. S. Pendleton, of Virginia; Buchanan Richards, of Virginia; A. L. Chapman,

of Missouri; R. Williams, of Pa.; L. D. Wilson, of W. Va.; J. H. Weems, of La.; W. K. Curtis, of Texas; T. H. Stucky, of Ky.; J. J. Barclay, Jr., of Alabama, vice consul general to Tangier, Morocco, and Alexander C. Barclay, of Alabama, a member of the United States Geological Survey.

In the legal profession—J. C. Palmer, of W. Va.; D. F. Patterson, of Pa.; J. D. Tarr, of Kansas; R. E. Williams, of Ill.; M. Bennet, of Ky.; John T. Dye, of Ind.; J. F. Merryman and B. H. Allen, of Mo.; E. Tarr, of W. Va.; E. L. Campbell, of Cal.; M. M. Cochrane, of Pa.; F. P. McNell, of W. Va.; J. R. Lamar, of Ga.; J. L. Atkins, of D. C., and G. S. Walton, of Texas.

Judges—J. F. Lauck, of a Tennessee court; T. J. Waters, of a Texas court; W. K. McAlister, of the U. S. District Court of Tennessee; J. D. New, of an Indiana court.

Poets—B. M. Pickens, of Ky.; W. H. Baxter, of Ohio; E. S. Tener, of Ireland; and H. S. Lobingier, of Pa.

State Senators—R. A. Spurr, of Ky.; G. N. Tillman, of Tenn.; R. H. Prewett, of Ky.; W. H. Tarr, of W. Va.

Members of Congress—J. D. New, of Ind.; B. J. Franklin, of Mo.; Champ Clark, of Mo.; and James Davidson, of Pa.; Jeptha Garhard, of Ohio, was a late competitor for the U. S. Senate versus Mark Hanna.

B. J. Franklin represented the U. S. in foreign countries as consul, and J. C. New, of Ind., served as Treasurer of the United States during General Grant's administration, also as consul general at London, England, during President Harrison's administration, and is now a leading journalist of Indiana. J. O. Ewing, of Tennessee, a highly cultured man, was president of the Nashville & Northwestern railroad.

Business men who stand high in business circles—George T. Oliver, of Pennsylvania, president of the largest iron company in America; Chas. Shields and G. W. Hailman, of Pa.; E. W. Oglebay, of Cleveland, Ohio; F. M. Oglebay, of Kansas City, Mo.; C. W. Franzheim and B. W. Peterson, of W. Va.; J. L. Smyser, of Ky.; C. B. Slingluff, of Baltimore, Md.; S. M. Nave, of St. Joe, Mo.

Farmers and Planters—A. K. Richards and W. B. Keene, of La.; Y. L. VanMeter and S. O. Goff, of Ky.

Old Neotrophia is represented in the far East by two worthy sons—G. L. Wharton, of Illinois, in India, and E. T. Williams, of Ohio, in China. She had at one time a representative in Spain—J. R. Grigsby—a youth from Brasos, Texas, of the class of 1848-9, who left Bethany for his home sometime in 1850. On arriving in New Orleans he learned of an expedition going to the relief of the persecuted natives of Cuba; being of a patriotic temperament, he volunteered to go under an assumed name. He was captured on the island and sent a prisoner to Spain, where he worked for nine years in a mine. His widowed mother having made every effort to locate him without success, by some means our Minister at



Madrid was informed of his imprisonment, and on account of his youth secured his release, when he returned as one from the dead to his home in Texas.

To the classes now here, and to all future members of this Society, I do not think it inopportune to say, if "practice makes perfect" and experience is worth anything, you should appreciate and appropriate all the advantages which are yours in this grand old Society. Nourish it with intellectual feasts and brotherly love, and cherish it as fostering all that is good for you, that you may be a benefit and honor to the country in which you live. I feel that there is no position in this or any other country too high or distinguished for a worthy Neotrophian.

We regret exceedingly that space will not admit of a more elaborate report of the great achievements of even the limited number mentioned, much less of the near fourteen hundred members who have added so much to the advancement of all that makes a country prosperous. We venture the assertion that no Society of equal numbers in this or any part of the civilized world has sent forth more representatives who have been a blessing than dear old "Neotrophia."



## Ossolian Literary Society.

ALMOST FIFTY YEARS ago one of America's most brilliant thinkers and one of her most gifted writers, Margaret Fuller Ossoli, was hurled into the mighty deep and lashed to death by the boisterous waves. She was admired by all the literary world, and in 1880 a small but noble band of the lady students of Bethany College assembled and in honor of this scholarly woman, organized the D'Ossolian Literary Society. After bearing this name for many years, it was changed to the Ossolian, the accent falling on the penult. Later the accent was placed on the ante-penult, under this name exists at present.

The Society has passed through innumerable vicissitudes, and many times dark and ominous clouds hovered about her, but she dispelled all shadows and always found that "behind the clouds is the sun still shining." To-day she stands upon a high plane, and her daughters are numbered among those of learning, culture and refinement. Many of her alumni have entered the learned professions and have won a reputation for their Alma Mater; others by their gentle manners and loving dispositions have endeared themselves to the home.

Her present members are thoughtful, earnest and willing, and enter upon their duties with that marked determination which assures no failure, while they perform the tasks allotted to them with zeal and alacrity.

The old members of the Society give an opening entertainment at the beginning of the session, while after the holidays the new members are brought before the public. This year the Christmas entertainment was exceptionally fine, since Phillips' Hall furnishes an unusually large number of Ossolians, and these are of the material requisite for high grade literary work. In no school do the young ladies take a greater interest and exert themselves more diligently in their society work than they do at Bethany. Ossolia is their pride, and their efforts in her behalf are untiring.

On the 18th of March, the anniversary is celebrated. One of the alumni is chosen to make an address, while the Society is represented by one of her fair daughters. Music forms an important part of the program, and after feasting the mental faculties the Ossolian members, with their invited guests, repair to Phillips' Hall, where a sumptuous banquet is served. The toasts are a prominent feature of the evening and recall to memory many pleasant events of old Ossolian days.

On the 22nd of February we do honor to the birth of the Father of our Country, by an appropriate performance. A special program is prepared, the ladies appearing in Martha Washington costumes, and while we enjoy a literary feast our patriotism is being strongly fostered.



One day we have devoted to Longfellow and do tribute to his memory. Certain other days are granted to other persons of genius, who have swayed the world by their mental abilities. The exercises of these special days are both entertaining and instructive, and by them our minds become strengthened and broadened.

We now boast of a namesake, Elizabeth Ossolia Bates. Appreciating the honor conferred upon the Society by so naming her, she was presented with a very handsome bracelet on Christmas. We trust that the links may represent so many true and loving hearts, bound fast by the lock of remembrance, and securely held by the key of friendship.

Our meetings are held every Friday afternoon at three o'clock, in the Society Hall, and to these we extend a hearty greeting to all visitors. We use the password Welcome, and the cordial grip of friendship, and our motto is "Age quod agis."



## Adelphian Society.

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**B**ELIEF IN THE NEED of an educated ministry is the cause and controlling motive of the Adelphian Literary Society. Theory is often lost unless it becomes second nature by practice, and in order to a thorough preparation for the work of our Master, we endeavor to put in practice each Saturday night the knowledge which we are continually gaining in the class rooms. Verily the "word of God is quick and powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword, piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit and of the joints and marrow, and is a discernor of the thoughts and intents of the heart," but like a sword it must be used with skill, which skill is the product of both theory and practice.

There is a freedom within this society which is not found in any of the others, and it comes from the knowledge that we are in the presence of brothers (Adelphos). Composed, as it is, of members of both the American and Neotrophia Literary Societies, and since the loss of our own hall by fire, meeting alternately in the halls of these other two Societies, it forms the natural tie which binds us together with ties which the friendly rivalry of the other Societies cannot sever.

Our program provides for a short sermon instead of the customary orations, and the kindly criticism which is offered upon these sermons is very beneficial. Here also may be witnessed the clash of intellects in debate on questions ranging from the theological to the metaphysical, and a greater research of the Bible is often stimulated by the introduction of questions pertaining to the "Personality of the Devil," "Use of the Organ in Worship," "Capital Punishment from a Scriptural Standpoint," and on the other hand the best interests of our country are considered from a spiritual standpoint in: "Use of Tobacco," "Should Christians go to War?" "Obedience to Laws we Deem to be Morally Wrong," and "Prohibition the only Solution." In this way we learn to present arguments in their logical sequence and also acquire the habit of thinking while on our feet.

One of the foremost preachers in the Christian Church said recently: "I consider my diploma from the Adelphian Literary Society to be of greater value than any other which I possess, except that one from my Alma Mater." He well knew the value of his work in Adelphian after going out into the world, and saw its effect upon his preaching.

The wonderful results achieved by this ministerial association cannot be better told than by an object lesson, and for such we proudly point to such men as: F. D. Power, of Washington, D. C.; A. McLean, President of the Foreign Christian Missionary Society; E. V. Sollars, of Hiram, Ohio; President B. C. Hagerman, of our own College, and a host of others, whose efforts have been encouraged and themselves stimulated to better and nobler work, and who have undergone the pruning and training necessary in order to bear much and good fruit.





H. N. MILLER.

## Oratorical Association.

**B**ETHANY COLLEGE has always been noted for sending out from her halls many fluent orators. She has always aimed to qualify students for public speaking and reading. In connection with the College are four literary societies which are devoted to the cultivation of literary composition and oratory. Three of these societies have united and formed what is called: "The Bethany College Oratorical Association." Each year the societies contest with each other. Three times the A. L. I. came out ahead. Once the N. L. S. received the honor of having the best orator. By means of the contests and the pleasant rivalry which always exists, an interest is sustained toward the cultivation of one's mind and tongue. Mr. H. Newton Miller is the one who won the contest this year. He was sent as a representative of the college to the Inter-collegiate Oratorical contest at Waynesburg, and made a good standing. Bethany not only tries to teach theory, but practice. She teaches her students to handle well the products of their intellects. She teaches them to so use the powers of their mind that they may be able to arouse the latent powers of men and move nations.

The names of the societies are: The American, Neotrophian, Ossolian and Adelphian, the last being especially for theological students.

## Young Men's Christian Association.

THE WORK of the Y. M. C. A. is sure to be in harmony with the most earnest ambitions and noblest ideals of student life. It is therefore by no means strange to find this organization strong in our best colleges. In Bethany, the local Association reacts in various healthful ways upon the moral and religious tone of college life. Under the direction of the retiring President, Mr. D. R. Bebout, the work of the year has been carried on with its usual vigor in the various departments. The Association maintains Sunday schools and church services at various suitable points in the county under direction of its Evangelization Committee. Its Lecture Committee has provided an excellent course of public lectures and entertainments, a source of instruction and culture within reach of students and citizens alike. In co-operation with its sister organization among the young ladies, the Y. M. C. A. holds pleasant "socials" at the opening of each college term for the purpose of making all newcomers acquainted with each other and with other members of the student body.

During the current year, with the consent and co-operation of the Faculty, the Association has ventured successfully upon a new field of activity. Under the efficient directorship of Mr. J. E. Martin, the gymnasium class has been a pleasant and profitable means of physical development to its members. The committee has had full charge of the gymnasium and its appliances and has made valuable additions to its permanent equipment.

The Saturday morning prayer-meeting, though not always as largely attended as could be wished, has been maintained with good interest during most of the year. At two notable gatherings we have been represented by delegates. Mr. T. J. White attended the district convention at Baltimore, while Prof. Bondurant and Mr. Charles Cowgill represented Bethany at the Students' Volunteer Convention in Cleveland. The spirit of earnest, enthusiastic Christian work and the helpful, practical suggestions brought by the delegates from these conventions have been a source of inspiration and encouragement to the entire student body.

The President-elect of the Association, Mr. F. A. Hodge, is an earnest, untiring worker and has appointed efficient committees for the energetic prosecution of the work during the coming year. May all success attend one of the noblest and most useful of the voluntary student organizations in Bethany College!

## OLD BETHANY.

1

My father sent me to Old Bethany,  
And resolved that I should beat man.

And so I settled down.

In that quiet little town.

On the banks of the Old Buffalo.

On the banks of the Old Buffalo, my boys,  
Where Old Bethany evermore shall stand.

For has she not stood

Since the time of the flood.

On the banks of the Old Buffalo.

2

As Fresh they used me rather roughly,  
But I the fearful gauntlet ran.

Oh, they shook me so about

That they turned me inside out.  
On the banks of the Old Buffalo.

3

We passed through all these trials nobly.

And then as Sophs our turn began.

Oh, we hazed the poor Fresh so

That they longed for Heaven I know.

On the banks of the Old Buffalo.

On the banks of the Old Buffalo.

4

And then I made my social entree,  
And joined in many a social spree.

And by my cunning art

Stole many a maiden's heart.

On the banks of the Old Buffalo.

On the banks of the Old Buffalo.

5

At last we joined the Senior circle.

And spread our fame o'er all the land.

While we crowned our goblets high

With the hopes of "by and by."

On the banks of the Old Buffalo.

6

Then sing aloud for Anna Mater.

The Green and White be in the van.

For with her motto high

Bethany's name shall never die.

On the banks of the Old Buffalo.







## Y. M. C. A.

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THE Y. M. C. A. WAS ORGANIZED several years before the Y. W. C. A. When the young ladies saw how much good their fellow-students were deriving from the Y. M. C. A., they immediately organized a branch association. The young ladies do not allow the young men to surpass them in the class rooms and Society halls, nor are they willing to be surpassed in the religious part of their educations.

True, a great number of the young men are preparing for the ministry, and are endeavoring to make their lives while in college a preparation for their coming labors, and so they feel the need of their weekly prayer-meetings, while the girls, although several have gone forth as missionaries, will never fill pulpits.

Most of the girls are timid about speaking in public, but these meetings, with their praise and prayer, strengthen them greatly and create a stronger interest in all religious works. A great many more boys belong to the Association than girls, but the girls attend far better. The work is pleasant, yet, at times, there have been many discouragements, and it has seemed as if the bread was cast on waters, but it will return after many days with a rich and sure increase.

## Bethany Collegian.

Published Monthly by the Ossolian, Neotrophian and  
American Literary Societies.

These Societies do not assume any financial responsibility, as all money  
is received and paid out by the Business Manager.

### EDITORIAL STAFF:

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.....	M. E. STICKLEY,	'93
ASSISTANT.....	D. R. BEBOUT,	'98
LITERARY .....	J. T. BARCLAY,	'98
	O. G. WHITE,	'98
	MARY CHARNOCK,	1900
LOCAL.....	A. W. PLACE,	'98
	GRACE COOPER	1900
	STELLA SWANEY,	'98
EXCHANGE EDITOR.....	W. L. FISHER,	'99
BUSINESS MANAGER.....	H. M. ACOAM,	'98
ASSISTANT.....	T. J. WHITE,	'99

### Editorial.

WE are exceedingly glad to be able to publish several productions contributed by two of our recent graduates. It shows plainly that the interest they once had in Bethany affairs still mains while treading the paths of the world. publicly thank you for your aid and in future.

It is pleasant for us to announce  
lian Literary Society" is flour

Music has kept pace with man almost from the beginning. They who think music ranks among the trifles of existence are in gross error ; be from the beginning of the world down to ent time it has been one of the most forci ments for training and for governing of man. There was a time when tion had but begun to dawn upon the that day music was unknown ; on was far from being a mere ser common and light amuseme poetry was essentially so that there was

There was no  
world but that  
as its vehi  
that in  
be



A. W. PLACE.

D. R. BEBOUT.

J. T. BARCLAY.

GRACE F. COOPER.

H. M. ACOAM.

M. E. STICKLEY

O. G. WHITE.

MARY CHARNOCK.

W. L. FISHER.





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F. B. HUFFMAN.

F. A. HODGE.  
J. E. MARTIN.  
W. H. FIELDS.

F. M. BIDDLE.  
H. M. ACOAM.  
EARLE BIDDLE.

O. G. WHITE.  
W. L. FISHER.  
F. M. GORDON.

H. N. MILLER.  
R. R. ALEXANDER.





## Bethany College Glee Clubs.

THE FIRST GLEE CLUB in Bethany College, known to the writer, was organized in the fall of 1889, consisting of eight members. They sang at different college performances and occasionally at the church, but did not attempt any special public work.

The second one was organized during the college year of '90-'91, consisting of twelve members: Messrs. Craig, Creighton, Reynolds, Prichard, Dodd, Davidson, Jenkins, Wilfley, Cutler, Joyce, Wright and Billingsley, directed by Arthur O. Garrison. In '92-'93, the club reorganized, and the vacancies were filled by Cunningham, Vanhorn, Picton, Wilson, Darsie, Gunlak and Willet, with Earl Wilfley as reader. In the spring of '93, the club made several short trips and a more extended one the following summer.

The third club was organized in '95-'96, consisting of sixteen members, but nothing more was ever heard of it. It had gone where the woodbine twineth.

In the fall of '97 it was thought by some that Old Bethany had lost something of her former charm! The question with all was how to recover it? With Disraeli, we felt that, "Were it not for music the beautiful would be dead," hence a Glee club was found to be a necessity, and a Glee club was! The following gentlemen represent it:

First Tenors—F. M. Biddle, F. B. Huffman, F. M. Gordon.

Second Tenors—H. N. Miller, W. L. Fisher, O. G. White.

First Bass—W. H. Fields, J. E. Martin, D. E. Stuart.

Second Bass—R. R. Alexander, F. A. Hodge, H. H. Moninger.

Our director, Prof. Moss, gave us the Moss(t) painstaking and systematic drill, conscientiously laboring to fit us for the glory which was to cover us in our first public performance, given in Chapel Hall, March 1, 1898.

Our program consisted of glees, quartettes, solos and readings, all rendered by members of the club, and our winsome little mascot, Earl Biddle, who more than did us honor, winning the admiration of everybody. A number of short trips were successfully prosecuted under the management of H. M. Acoam, and an extended trip through the East, where the Club was everywhere greeted with crowded houses and applause.

Athletes of limb have their day and glory, but the athletes of the voice know no day; they live and sing from day to day, on and on till they reach the realms of that Better Country. Even there they end not, for in that land a new

song shall be put in their mouths and they shall gladly sing on through the "ceaseless cycles of an incomprehensible eternity."

Then sing on, "Noble comrades in arms," to "Dear Old Bethany," as we "Tramp, tramp, tramp on the old corridor" of life. We may, at times, feel as "Forlorn and Forsaken" as a "Cannibal Maiden," but forget not that long after Latin nouns and Greek verbs and scientific experiments have nearly faded from our memories, "Schneider's band" will have ceased to play and the "Mulligan Musketeers" will have lain down their arms since "Our fathers sent us to old Bethany"—there will still linger the fragmentary strains of "Romeo and Juliet" as we sigh for "The Home where the Heather Blooms." "So sighing, the red, red rose,"

I remain,

"SIMON THE CELLAR."







J. M. TRIBBLE.

PEARL B. CRISWELL.  
JENNIE SEYBOLD.

CLARA SHEPARD, Instructor.  
IDA H. TAYLOR.

F. E. WYNNE.



## Base Ball.

**A**S OLD BETHANY has always maintained a high rank in literary and classical work, so she has been and is ranking among the first colleges of the day in athletics. In base ball, as in other branches of physical activity, she has always been able to lower the ensign of other colleges on the diamond and float to the breezes of heaven the proud old banner of Bethany amid cheers of victory. The lovers of the national game in Bethany are many, and where we find a large assembly enthusiastic over one thing, then you are surely able to find material willing and enthusiastic enough to further the designs on to perfection. Hence the ever ready material of Bethany has placed us upon a high pedestal of fame among college base ball supporters. In the spring of '97, when nature had begun to assert herself and had dropped the rugged garb of winter and donned the beautiful gown of spring, our men began to make ready for the coming contest. Well they practiced, as is shown by the admirable record they obtained during the season. Eleven sturdy sons of Old Bethany (nine regulars and two subs) went forth from her verdant campus and classic halls to give battle to other colleges, and with the exception of twice, always returned with the scalps of their fallen foe dangling at their belts. Without doubt, '97 was the best ball team that ever Bethany has been able to support. There was the mighty sinewed Burnett, who tossed the sphere with tremendous speed and deceptive curves. He hailed from the State of Missouri and if his success in life will be as thorough as his attainments in college, we will gaze at him from afar off.

And there was Robison, the little third baseman who had the knack of picking them up so clean and shooting them across the diamond into the ever-ready glove of our first baseman—Martin. And Curtis, Duffy and Fisher made for themselves fine reputations for clean, fast ball playing, which will not soon be forgotten by the rooters from the college. In every nook and corner during the present ball season one can see little groups of students discussing the virtues of our last year's team. The team for '98 is young and inexperienced, but with hard practice, efficient coaching will be able to hold the reputation obtained by our last year's team.

I must speak of the splendid management of last year's team. Mr. O. T. Whitacre kept the team in perfect trim by his pleasant manner and quiet authority. We all hold in great reverence the personage called "Tommy Olerious Whitacre," manager of Bethany College Base Ball Team of '97. Long may you live! and prosperous be every undertaking of his; and if He sees not best to allow this, may the smiles of conjugal felicity compensate the frowns of fortune.

Below is the line up and record of the team:

STICKLEY, c. f.

WATSON, C., 3b and 2 b.

FISHER, 2 b.

CURTIS, l. f.

MARTIN, 1 b.

DUFFY, s. s.

WEIKER, c.

WATSON, H., r. f.

ROBINSON, 3 b.

BURNETT, p.

PLACE and SALA, subs.

### Record.

Carroll Club, of Wheeling.. 4; Bethany..15.  
W. & J..... 8; Bethany.. 2.  
Scio College ..... 1; Bethany..11.  
University of W. Va..... 7; Bethany..14.  
New Cumberland A. C.... 1; Bethany..10.  
Wellsburg A. C..... 2; Bethany..16.  
Hiram College..... 5; Bethany.. 2.  
Hiram College..... 4; Bethany..10.  
Mount Union College..... 7; Bethany..13.







GYMNASIUM.





FOOT BALL.



MAKING "FOWL" TACKLE.



## Foot Ball.

OUR LAST YEAR'S foot ball team made an exceptionally worthy record. In spite of difficulties, which seemed almost insurmountable, Bethany won with honor six of the seven hard games she played. Under the masterly management of Mr. Oscar Wells, '98, the team made a better season of it than any team we have had. The following is the line-up:

MILEY, center.	CHAPMAN, Left tackle.	CURTIS, Left half-back.
CARMAN, Right guard.	JONES, Left guard.	HAL WATSON, Full back and Captain.
COLYER, Right tackle.	CRAWFORD, Right half-back.	Subs.—STICKLEY, FISHER, ACOAM.
PLACE, Left end.	MARTIN, Right end.	

It is not surprising that such a formidable team should make the following record:

Sept. 26—Bethany .....	0—W. & J.....	36
Oct. 2—Bethany .....	10—East Liverpool .....	0
Oct. 3—Bethany .....	10—S. A. C.....	0
Oct. 10—Bethany .....	18—St. Clairsville.....	0
Oct. 31—Bethany .....	4—Steubenville Acmes .....	0
Nov. 7—Bethany won from Steubenville by forfeit.		
Nov. 26—Bethany .....	38—Altenheim .....	4

## Tennis.

**I**N THIS BRANCH of our college athletics unusual interest has been manifested during the past two years. It is pleasing to note with what zeal and enthusiasm the game has been played, and with what unbounded success.

During Commencement of '97 our first tournament was held, and, after many defeats had been inflicted and suffered the palm of victory was bestowed upon Barclay, of Alabama, who had successfully met all comers.

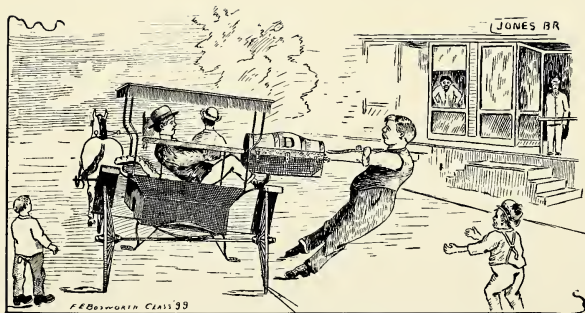
In the summer of this year our college team, composed of Fisher and Barclay, met several players from the neighboring cities, and, it is needless to say, that, with few exceptions, they were victorious.

We have at the present time three courts in splendid condition, and any afternoon these may be found almost crowded with the many enthusiasts of the game. It is safe to predict that the tournament of this year will be an even more hotly contested battle than the former one, for all those who play are training hard and are getting in excellent condition.

We earnestly hope that this sport, while yet comparatively new, may thrive and live forever upon the dear old campus of our Alma Mater.







BETHANY'S ATTACHMENTS.





ALEXANDER CAMPBELL'S STUDY.

## Alexander Campbell's Study.

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ALEXANDER CAMPBELL'S STUDY is built of brick and is located one hundred and forty-four feet due west from the door of the upper parlor of his residence. His first study was a square brick building diagonally across from the residence in the orchard, where the turnpike now passes. The present study is hexagonal in shape and had a wing thirty-five feet in length extending from the rear side in the direction of the house. In this wing were stored on shelves, pamphlets and papers, and a long table in the room was for maps, etc. This addition has been removed. The hexagonal building, or study, had a large round sky-light in the center of the roof, which was blown off by a storm and the glass broken the summer before Mr. Campbell's death, and was replaced with a temporary roof, which is still on it.

The reason he preferred a sky-light was it prevented his having sunlight shadows on his paper while writing, and he sometimes laughingly remarked to friends, "*Lux descendit e caelo.*" There are four small windows for ventilation—one on each side of the door and on each side of the fireplace. The shelving around the room has sliding glass doors to protect the books from dust. Quite a number of pigeon holes for important papers or letters, occupied a niche on the left of the fireplace. This study was, for twenty-six years the place where Mr. Campbell studied, and wrote early and late, the books he published and for the Mellenial Harbinger.

While translating the "Acts" he had his books for reference and dictionaries spread out on a large table for convenience and the exercise of walking around for what he wished to find. His library was not large, there being only about three thousand volumes. Seven hundred and forty-nine volumes which he donated to Bethany College were old and rare books, some of them saved by him in a shipwreck by his throwing them into the sea to be washed by the waves on shore, where he dried them on a clothes-line. The stains of the salt water are still to be seen on them. The rest of his library, of more modern books, was divided among his children.

The larch and fir trees between the study and house were brought over the mountains by stage before the days of railroads from Philadelphia in 1839, and Mr. Campbell superintended their planting himself. As they were six weeks on the way and the season for planting trees had passed, he had them protected from the sun for some time.

## From the College Calendar.

WHEN ONE IS HAPPY and satisfied, how swiftly time flies! Days lengthen into months and months into years in such rapid succession that we may reach the period of antiquity before we realize we have passed Youth's first mile stone.

But when there is a striving after something yet unpossessed, some goal in view to be reached, then time travels with a velocity less than that with which Professor Bondurant asks questions in his Latin classes. And we all remember how in Livy this trusting, unsuspecting man, after a due amount of gymnastic exercise with his hands would say: "Well-er, Mr. Stickley, will-er you please read-er the next-er ten—" and before the Professor had made up his mind to venture the word "lines," Mr. Stickley was sitting on the corridor railing, placidly smoking and congratulating himself on his alacrity in getting down stairs. And so at this same freight-car pace does the year seem to go to the Freshman who is not allowed to go on "biz."

What author, dramatist or poet can ever portray the unutterable longings of the verdant Freshman who aspires to so much and ventures so little?

His whole soul beats against the prison bars of the Freshman year with all its deprivations. Between the pages of his Latin Composition there floats before him visions of his junior days, and he sees himself an Acoam or a Moniger, attending regularly every religious service where "biz" is allowed immediately after the benediction, walking the Corridor with his fair charmer between each of the six periods, and like a spring tonic, before and after each meal. And to do this unmolested, with no fear of "Stuffy" Place, or any other gory Senior disputing his rights on the "biz" question. No wonder the poor Freshman sighs:

I long to be a Junior, and with the Juniors stand,  
Patent leathers upon my feet, a cane within my hand.  
I long to be a Junior and like a Junior scrap,  
To smile upon the Freshie and wear a Junior hat.  
I long to be a Junior, and like a Junior "fiz,"  
To have no fear of pitches, but manfully to go on "biz."

How the poor old Calendar must have groaned when Mr. Moninger first aroused himself into sufficient wakefulness to conduct a well organized case! But either he is relapsing into his soporific tendencies or Miss Cooper has a



wonderfully restful and soothing effect, for we notice on most every public occasion Mr. Moninger's head begins to nod, his eyes to blink, and soon he resigns himself to Morpheus, leaving her to enjoy the entertainment alone and to keep the flies off while he sweetly slumbers and dreams of her and the jolly times they have together.

Another day which is marked with a red cross is the day when the skeleton took his annual trip. He has worn a rather abused expression ever since his return from his last year's visit, for he felt the Beta's did not treat him in as hospitable a manner as they might have, keeping him as they did, shut up in a dark closet for six months. And so Mr. Bones was very much loth to leave, for he felt he preferred to be suspended in the Science room window, rather than to be deprived of the sunshine and Prof. Blanpied's annual old jokes.

But after a very pressing invitation from Mr. Tolar, he accepted, and without obtaining leave of absence from the Faculty he departed, much to the surprise of all the students, especially those who were then at the Camp. After quite a protracted visit, Bro. Bones one night quietly returned, having suspended on his hip bone a small bag containing thirty-five cents, and we are left to imagine that he extended his trip to the Klondike, and there amassed 'his great fortune.

But with all his newly gotten gains, he is still loyal to old Bethany, and wishes to make himself "useful as well as ornamental," so he has come back to have his fingers and toes passed around in the Physiology class as of yore.

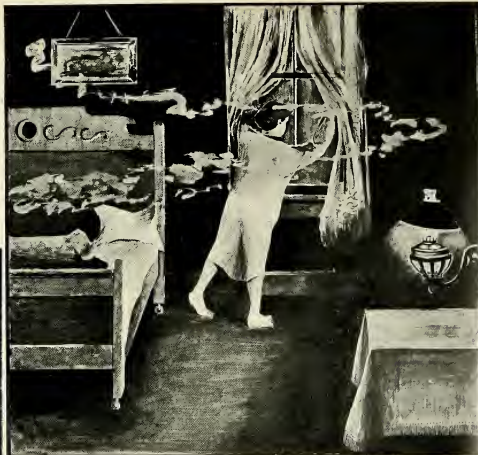
And then there is the day which marks the initium of Mr. Cochran's and Miss Morris' case, which now is at the interesting and most hopeful point, but at the rapid rate at which it is developing, there is no doubt that by Spring it will reach the sad climax that his last year's love experience did. And Miss Morris will be departing to some Western town beyond the Mississippi river, where there is plenty of space to let her tears flow o'er joys departed. We all like to see things evened up, and so it pleases the aesthetic eye to remark that what Mr. Cochran lacks in length Miss Morris makes up in breadth.

But nearly all the days in the College Calendar are red letter days, and we have not time here to tell what they signify to each one of us. Some are examination days—days of misery and prolonged agony; then there is the Freshman and Junior scrap, when there is "wailing and gnashing of teeth," for there must always be some bitter mingled with the sweet.

But as we take up the Calendar we notice that only the bright and happy days stand out, and those clouded with their disappointments and marred by the friction of life are all lost in the one glad, joyous whole of a College year.

## Smoking Out.

**D**URING THE palmy days of long ago, there was established in this college town a custom which has held popular sway among the mischief-loving students from its inauguration down to the present time. Its origin has ever been shrouded in mystery. Whether or not, away back in the hazy distance of the past, the awesome, discontented personage of Lucifer ever strayed to these rocky eminences and foggy depressions so oft made picturesque by poet's startling fancy, and planted the breezy idea in some poor Senior's cerebrum, we do not venture to assert. But certain it is, that in some inauspicious hour was sown the embryo custom which has become a part of our far-famed hospitality—the terror of sweet inno-



cence and joy unspeakable to the fiendish tormentors. Gentle reader, this peculiar feature is nothing more nor less than a procedure wherein a bucketful of hot coals, plentifully besprinkled with cayenne pepper, is cautiously placed in some sleeping apartment, the resulting fumes intended for the inhalation of the occupant. The outcome of this pleasing token of appreciation naturally varies with the moral strength of the victim. A loss of temper is sometimes attended by an increased volume of smoke, usually of a bluish tinge. A rude awakening, violent coughing, dangerous exposure to the night air, followed by approving giggles from behind the garden bushes and probably a generous amount of water dexterously hurled from obscurity, necessitating a damp and rapid retreat into the sooty atmosphere of your room, are the accompaniments of a "smoking out" experience. The culprits, on being informed of the occurrence the next morning may be easily detected by their marked surprise, horror and indignation that such an

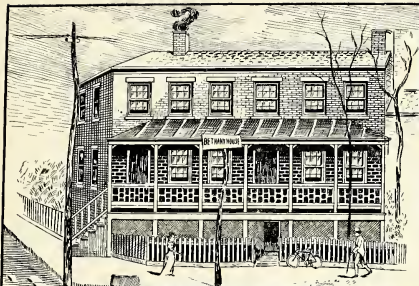
outrage should be committed upon so undeserving a person. One dose is guaranteed to absolutely cure anyone distressed with ideas of his own personal superiority. Students and visitors who repose too heavy a confidence in themselves receive especial attention from the pulverized capsicum advocates. A few instances within the writer's memory will, no doubt, serve to make this barbarous prank a trifle clearer to the uninitiated.

Three merry undergraduates hurried down the main street one dark night a few years ago, stopped before a boarding house, stealthily entered the establishment and after depositing their smoldering burdens in an advantageous place, stole quietly out into the road and secreted themselves behind a fence. It transpired later that another party almost simultaneously with the first, had prepared to arouse the sleepers in the rear of the same house by a similar means, so the annihilation was complete. The anxiety of the watchers without was soon relieved by blood-curdling shrieks, throwing up of windows, gasps for breath and the excitement ran so high that one gentleman of enviable reputation leaped from his window clad only in night apparel of flaming hue, while his thoughtless room-mate rushed out on the porch with a lighted lamp and unconsciously subjected his shivering companion to the critical gaze and applause of the roomers above. As might be supposed, this ridiculous performance threw the causators into convulsions of laughter and they were compelled to seek safety in flight. After the house was thoroughly aired, the sufferers inflated themselves with pure atmosphere, peace was restored and Morpheus again reigned supreme.

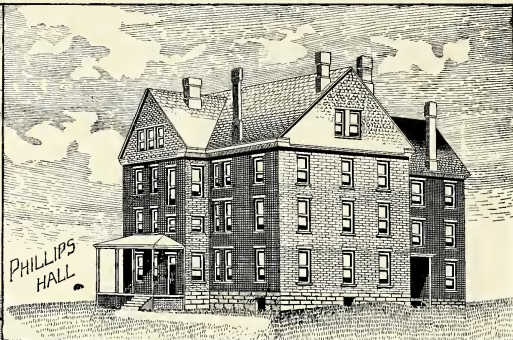
One balmy, moonlight night not many moons ago, the town was filled with visitors and the capacity of Phillips Hall was taxed to its utmost. This was a rare opportunity for the red-pepper fiends and they took full advantage of it. They had armed themselves with an enormous squirtgun and had placed a quantity of water in a shadowy spot where they could operate their machine and not be recognized. Taking their buckets of red-hot coals and pepper, they slipped noiselessly into the building and firmly wired the former to the balustrade, making a hasty removal impossible. Returning to their water tank, they awaited developments. Suddenly the windows became thickly studded with night-caps and the air was rent with coughs. A stream of water shot towards the building and landed upon a rather portly lady who was especially active in her struggles for breath. Her screams were terrifying and her plight pitiable. Changing its direction, the stream was brought to play upon other inmates and a panic nearly ensued. General uneasiness prevailed through the night, but dawn scattered their fears. The besieging party was compelled to retire early from the scene in order to avoid discovery, and they hurriedly withdrew, dragging their deluging apparatus along with them and made good their escape.

These are fair samples of the practical pastimes of Bethany students. Occasionally the pepper smoke is administered to wide-awake persons. The Faculty, when in session, affords an inviting, though perilous, chance. Imagination can depict the ruffled dignity of the professors and their threats of dire vengeance on the offenders. The consternation and confusion produced at a social function by the clever introduction of pepper smoke is sufficient to wreck the enjoyment for the remainder of the evening.

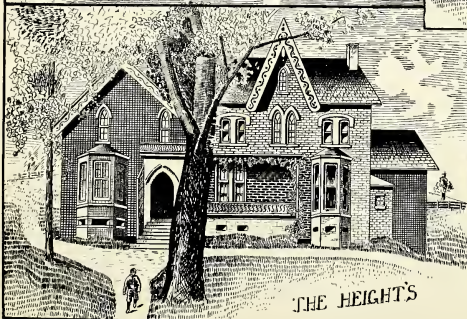




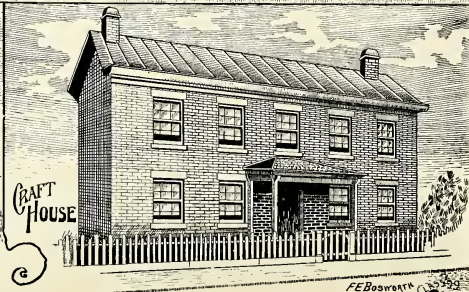
BETHANY HOUSE



PHILLIPS HALL



THE HEIGHTS



CRAFT HOUSE

## Are We Progressing ?

Extract from the Rules and Regulations of Bethany College, 1849.

1. No student shall keep a servant, horse or dog.
2. No hogs are to be kept or raised within the college precincts.
3. No student shall be allowed to play on any musical instrument before dinner, after 10 p. m., or on Lord's Days
4. The bell will be rung at dawn for worship.
5. The punishment will be Reproof, Rustication, Dismission and Expulsion.
6. The dress of the students will be uniform and plain—dark grey, or black—the price not to be more than \$6 a yard. Coat, single breasted, collar bound with braid, and a star worked with black silk on each end. Provided, however, that each student may wear the clothes in which he matriculated, and in summer any cheap, light garments approved by the Faculty.

## The Lone Grave.

A TRUE HISTORY of the "Lone Grave" must needs be far different from the one usually accepted. So many romantic legends and associations are connected with the secluded spot, where lies the dust of one reputed to have "died of a broken heart, caused by a faithless lover," that it seems almost a pity, and decidedly iconoclastic, to dispel the poetic fancies and romances which cluster around this quiet "trysting place," to which lovers and sentimental couples generally, make such frequent pilgrimages, that the retreat is hallowed and made dear to them by many fond and sweet associations. But a plain and truthful statement of facts, by one who knew personally the young girl, and stood by her open grave when she was laid therein, compel quite another story. The slab of grey sandstone which marks the lonely mound, is disintegrating and going to pieces, the pelting rains and storms which have beat upon it for nearly half a century have almost obliterated the inscription, of which only this much is legible:

In Memory of  
**FRANCES MURPHY,**  
Daughter of ——— Born Dec 13th, 1831,  
Died Jan. 26th, 1850.

For years the grave was enclosed by a neat paling fence, long since gone to decay, and not a vestige now remains. The family of the young girl came to Bethany in the late forties, from Illinois. There was the father, mother, son and daughter, and a nephew named Bedford Murphy. They came from the then far distant west, that the young men might be educated at Bethany College. Frances, the daughter, was sent to Pleasant Hill Seminary, near West Middletown, Pa., which was a flourishing school for young ladies in those days, presided over by Mrs. Jane C. McKeever, the sister of Alexander Campbell. She was of a very serious, studious disposition, and when at home during the summer vacation, would take her books and wander off into the woods to read and study. Her favorite resort was on the hill top above, and some distance from the cottage where they lived, which was on the homestead farm of Mr. Campbell, and situated at the base of the hill, directly on the "winding Buffalo," on the roadside that leads up "Castleman's Run." The cottage, which has long since been torn down and removed, stood a short distance below the bridge, which separates the farm from the village of Bethany. In the farthest field, on the top of the hill, was a beautiful grove of oaks, one of which had been blown down in a storm, and to this fallen oak would Frances repair, and seat herself among its branches, to read and





LONE GRAVE.





meditate for hours together. She loved the spot so well, that when, after a long and lingering attack of typhoid fever, she fell asleep at the early age of nineteen years, her parents, at her own request, begged permission of Mr. Campbell to lay her body there beneath the oaks, which have been such faithful sentinels around her grave. One of the oft repeated legends is that if you will visit the grave on a moonlight night, and lay yourself prone upon it, and ask in pathetic tones: "Frances, of what did you die?" the answer will be, "nothing at all."

Shortly after her death the family returned to their western home, the young men having completed their College course. Frances was baptized just the summer before her death, and was a lovely, gentle, Christian girl, and long was she missed and mourned by those who knew and loved her.



## Bethany, In Springtime.

Were you ever in Bethany in springtime?

When the Winter's sun  
From the south his way has run;  
With his beams so warm and bright,  
Bathing all our hills in light.  
Scattering frost and drying ground?  
Oh! I'm content to just lie round  
In Bethany, in spring time.

Were you ever at Bethany in springtime?

When the bluebird sings,  
And his note, of gladness brings.  
When the robin brings his song  
From his far, off home along,  
Heralding spring and right good cheer,  
Which one may have this time of year  
In Bethany, in spring time.

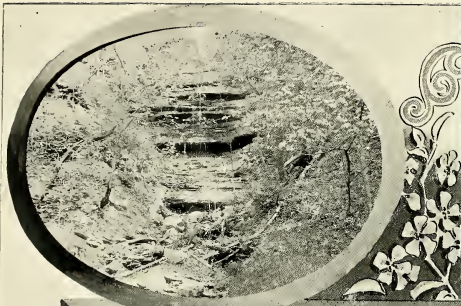
Were you ever at Bethany in springtime?

When the sap flows free  
Putting new life in the tree.  
When the leaves peep through at you  
And the buds say "How you do?"  
When one's compelled to first be glad,  
When every man becomes a lad?  
In Bethany, in springtime.

Were you ever in Bethany in springtime?

When the grass is seen  
Hiding all the earth with green?  
"When the beauty of the hills"  
All our "souls with rapture thrills."  
Then with pole beside the stream  
We will sit and fish and dream  
In Bethany, in springtime.





FAMILIAR SCENES AROUND BETHANY.



FAMILIAR SCENES AROUND BETHANY.





## The Graduate's Return.

It's been a long time since I was a youth  
When not a grey hair you could see,  
And going to college for the nibble of truth  
One might pick up at old Bethany.  
It's been a long, long time since I saw the old place  
Where my four brightest years were spent;  
But I'm on my way back now to meet face to face  
Old friends, who'll be back to commencement.  
Yes, it all looks familiar. And I've found since I came  
That the air is as crisp as of yore,  
And the road from the 'Burg is precisely the same  
As when I came first—years before.  
The tunnels, oh! yes—I ne'er shall forget,  
And a big lot of trouble were they.  
I remember some howling and scraping—you bet  
When a fellow backed out with a dray.  
As we pass through those tunnels when the sun still is hot  
And see the pure water run down,  
They refresh us and help the old critter to trot  
Round the bends and get quickly to town.  
Well they are inconvenient, those old covered bridges,  
They're not used on a modern highway,  
But they come in right handy, like high rocks and ridges,  
When two are alone in a sleigh.

Ah! here is the corner around which we turn  
And see the old college once more.  
For the blessed old sight, boy, my soul yet doth yearn  
Just to pass once again through her door.  
And it all looks so happy and homelike and gay,  
With the visitors thick on the green—  
Yet I'm almost afraid to go in there straightway  
For not an old face may be seen.  
Yes, I see they're all strangers, they all gaze at me  
As if I'd awoke from the dead,  
And they wonder who that poor old fellow can be  
With faltering footsteps and tread.  
But I'll walk round the place and recall the old scenes  
And maybe these students can see  
How loyalty reigns, though time intervenes  
In a veteran of old Bethany.  
Ah! now I can see the society hall's light,  
I'll just step in for a peep.  
Well, here's the Neotrophian so lively and bright  
And the American—fast asleep.  
They do it all now just as they did it then  
When I belonged to the thing;  
But they look so much wiser and seem such great men  
Since the fire burnt off their whole wing.



And just see those bizites, how fair to behold,  
I suppose now they want to retrieve  
The mistaken ideas of the trustees of old  
And in co-education believe.  
And I suppose the conclusion they came to at length  
Was a pretty good thing for the girls.  
And I'm sure that a fellow exerts all his strength  
For feminine dimples and curls.

I remember so well when long, long ago  
I sat where those young sprouts are now,  
Up on that big rostrum, strung out in a row  
With a wee little diploma and a great big blue bow,  
I'll never forget all the hard work it took,  
Nor the patience and nerve to succeed;  
To get up and graduate, write a whole book  
And say it as tho' 'twere your creed.

But it is lots of fun to get out in the sun  
And see a good ball game again;  
And Bethany wins by just a bare run  
As she used to win victories then.  
But now it's all over. They all start for home,  
And they laugh and they sing in their glee.  
But I'll have to go out and the old grave yard roam  
Before I leave old Bethany.

Alas! there new stones here and newly made mounds,  
And names, too, I haven't forgot.  
There's Tribble and Woolery and others around  
Who rest their last rest on this spot.  
And there's the old mansion; it's just as it was  
When its master, who built it, was here;  
And firm may it stand as his memory does,  
For those to whom it is dear.

And may the old town and the villagers live  
And love the old spot where they toil,  
For many they'll be who'd all their goods give  
To be here on God's own hallowed soil.  
For it does one such good to be in this birthplace  
Of the old reformation and thought.  
And I'm sure the dark cloud that has lowered its face  
Is dispelled by the love God hath wrought.

So cheer up, you youngsters, and make lots of noise,  
For only four years here you'll dwell,  
So you might as well stir up your spirits—you boys—  
And give lots of strength to the yell.  
How I love to see the old green and white wave  
And hear the old corridor ring.  
And long may she stand for the right, and be brave,  
And heed not the enemy's sting.



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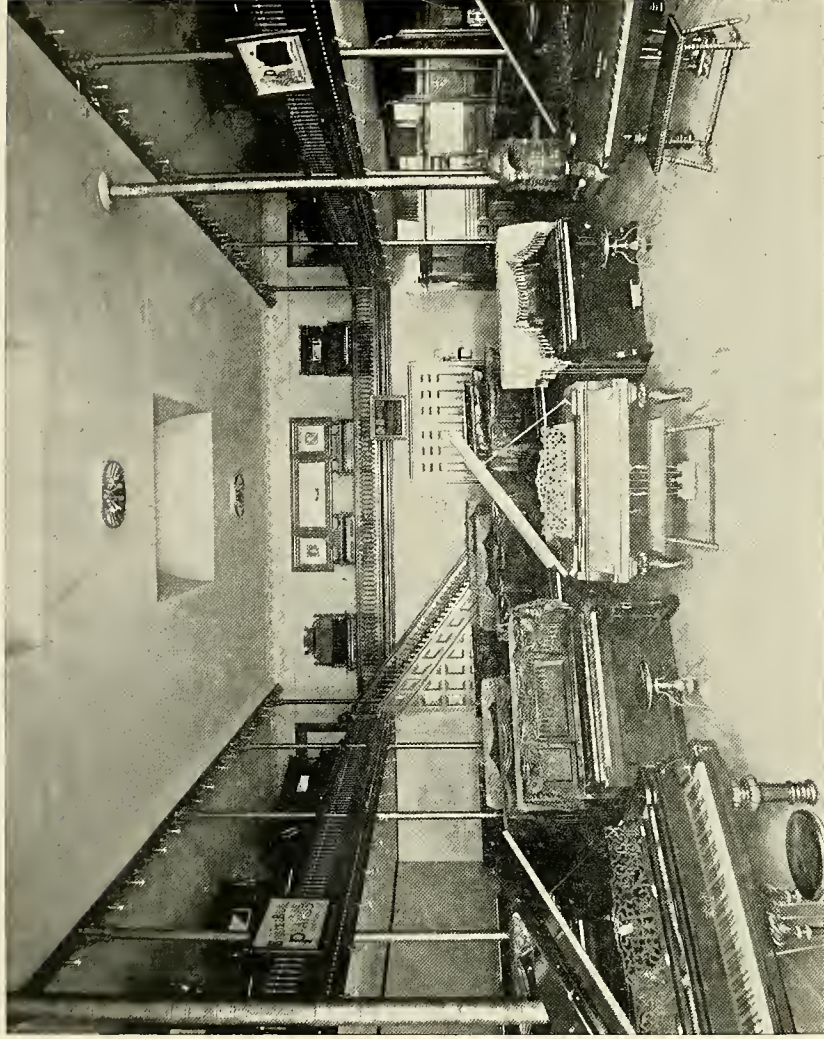
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May Emigh Butler was the lucky contestant in the prize recitation contest at the Church of Our Father last evening by the pupils of Mrs. Lucia Julian Martin. Mrs. Butler recited "The Revenge" and "The Courtship of Mr. Bumble and Mrs. Corney," and in both recitations she proved her ability as an elocutionist. Her articulation, gestures, breath control, pronunciation, voice quality, facial expression, analysis and general effect, all of which were points for consideration, were far above the standard. The contest was fair in every way, and Mrs. Butler deserves the prize so well earned — *Blade*.

The entertainment given by the Companions of the Forest, at the Detroit Grays' Armory, was a decided success. Mrs. May Emigh Butler, a dramatic reader of unusual ability, was the most pleasing feature of the entertainment. Mrs. Butler has a voice of much power and sweetness, and her work was marked by a sure grasp of the meaning and intent of the several selections — *Detroit Free Press*, Nov. 28, 1897.

Clad in a costume of black silk with simple garniture of point lace and chiffon, Mrs. Butler charmed a fair sized audience at the Church of Our Father last evening. The versatility of her selections brought out all her power and ability as an elocutionist. The one in which she pleased most was Pauline Povolova, the story of a beautiful Russian girl. In the pathetic tale, depicting so many of the emotions, Mrs. Butler was at her best. All the rich tones of her voice found vent in the expressions, filled at all times with humility, pride, sadness and love. As an encore to this number, "A Southern Lullaby" was given. It is hard to say in which of the other selections the reader excelled, all were so gracefully given. "An Easter with Parepa," "Why He Can't Succeed," "Some Time," "Jean Anderson" and "Teaching a Sunday School Class," were the ones chosen. It was an elocutionary treat — *Toledo Blade* Feb. 19, 1898.

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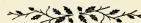
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